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The Irish Blockade

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THE Ottawa negotiations are proceeding ominously. The one satisfactory feature is that the desire of the Dominion Governments for wheat preferences or quotas seems to have been checkmated by the hostility of the Dominion wheat producers, who have come to understand that their interest lies in keeping as free as possible a world market for their wheat. But in respect of other foodstuffs the situation looks very menacing. The procedure has been so arranged as deliberately to invite the Dominions to form a *bloc* to put pressure on Great Britain. We are asked to impose duties—and high duties—on imported meat, including meat from the Argentine, on vegetable and dairy products, including those from Denmark, on poultry and eggs, and indeed on everything except wheat. Even wheat is not really off the list; for there has been a clamour for a boycott of Russian products, including both wheat and timber, in the interests of the Dominion producers. Even if the Dominion Governments were in a far more oncoming mood than they appear to be, they could not offer British manufacturers a *quid pro quo* that would offset these demands, apart altogether from the unhappy effect on world trade which such a victory for economic imperialism would involve.

While the steel producers have made some progress in their discussions at Ottawa, the woollen as well as the cotton manufacturers seem now to have reached a deadlock. In neither of these cases are the Canadian interests prepared to subject themselves to any considerable increase in British competition. The cotton negotiations definitely broke down last week, and, though there are to be further meetings at the instance of the Governments, there is no sign of any approach to an accommodation. The position in the woollen group is much the same. It therefore looks as if, in return for certain limited advantages mainly in respect of steel and coal, and chiefly at the expense of the Americans, the British public is to be asked to accept an extensive system of preferences and quotas on vital foodstuffs, to boycott the Russians and endanger the credits granted to finance Russian trade, and to embroil this country with the United States, Denmark, the Argentine, and probably Scandinavia as well. It is not good enough, and if any bargain on these lines is seriously contemplated we hope the Opposition in Parliament will at once make clear that it refuses to be bound by any plan calculated to raise the cost of living in this country, to embroil us with many of our best customers, to encourage the disastrous tendency to raise tariffs higher and higher, and to restrict more and more the opportunities for world trade.

* * *

The Geneva Conference adjourned last week in an

atmosphere of gloom only faintly tempered by hope for the future. All that has been achieved after six months of struggle is an agreement that air attacks on civilians and the use of gases and germs in warfare ought to be prohibited, that some unspecified limitation should be put on the number of heavy land guns and on the tonnage of tanks, and that other methods of reduction must be discussed when the Conference resumes. No date is fixed for the resumption, but it is not to be later than next January. The Germans and the Russians voted against the resolution in which these miserable results were registered, and eight nations abstained in disgust. Of the forty-one delegations which voted for it, the vast majority, we believe, share Mr. Henderson's openly expressed disappointment. The comfortable words of Sir John Simon and his colleagues cannot conceal the sorry part that Great Britain has played. Our representatives might have given a lead which would have been eagerly followed—even by M. Herriot. Instead they have acted as a brake, raising objections on this point and that, damning the American proposals with faint praise, turning their backs on the German claims for equal treatment, diverting attention from real measures of disarmament to futile schemes for the "humanisation" of war. Public opinion—Conservative as well as Labour and Liberal—expected something better than this from Mr. MacDonald's Government. Unless it gets something better in the next stage the Conference will end as a tragic farce.

* * *

Prussia has lain quiet, as we expected it would, under the iron hand of the Reich Government, and in less than a week after the *coup d'état* martial law, or the state of emergency, was withdrawn. For the moment the dictatorship is effective. Socialists and Communists have been suppressed; the Supreme Court at Leipzig has dismissed the Prussian appeal; the other States, if they have not been reassured, have been talked to in a conciliatory manner. But this calm can only be counted on for a day or two. Everything goes into the melting pot of the general election on Sunday. Of the results no one can prophesy with any confidence. But it seems that the Junkers are making their preparations. There has been some fishing for support from the Centre (though the Centre has shown little disposition to nibble at the bait), and a coolness towards the Nazis, which does not suggest that General von Schleicher regards himself as a stalking horse for Herr Hitler. There were significant hints in the General's broadcast speech last Tuesday, and a definite threat in the laconic answer which he gave to a question in a committee. He was asked whether the Reichswehr would act against the Nazis if they attempted to seize power. "Of course," he said. If he means what he says, and if he can rely on the Reichswehr, as most people believe he can, the odds would seem to be against a Hitlerite "march on Berlin" next Monday morning.

* * *

To the outside world General von Schleicher's speech struck a note of truculence. He was scornful of Geneva, and particularly bitter against the French. They knew perfectly well, he said, that the Brown armies and the Red armies in Germany were not armies at all, that they were not equipped to attack or to resist a foreign power, and that the only fighting force in the country, the small Reichswehr allowed by the Treaty of Versailles, was quite patently no menace to French security. He went on then to talk of Germany's security, of methods of military reorganisation, in a tone that will certainly not placate French fears nor allay German passions. For this outburst, and for all that lies behind it, France, of course, has only herself to thank. But it is small consolation for the rest of us to be able to say "Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin!" The French policy of suppressing Germany, which was begun so determinedly in 1919 and has been pursued so relentlessly ever since, has worked mischief to all the world. And until the Treaty of Versailles is drastically revised—and, we would add, until a British Government is prepared to persuade or to compel the French to agree to its revision—there will be no guarantee of genuine peace or prosperity in Europe.

* * *

Senator Borah is an important person, both as Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and because he is a representative figure in American public life. Year after year he has declaimed against American entanglement in European affairs; and he has been, until quite recently, among the fiercest denouncers of all proposals for a cancellation of debts. But now, "not for Europe's sake, but for America's," Senator Borah has changed his tune. He is prepared for actual cancellation of war debts, provided it comes as part of a general international settlement that will end the depression. Armaments, Senator Borah insists, must first be drastically reduced, and even so cancellation of war debts can be considered only as part of a general world settlement, economic as well as political. This is an encouraging sign of the movement of American opinion, and of the growing realisation that the United States cannot hope for a return of prosperity while the rest of the world remains in its present chaos. That Senator Borah's speech has been coldly received in America need not disturb us overmuch; whoever first turned round on the cancellation issue was bound to come in for a good deal of abuse. What does matter is that American eyes are opening to hard facts. But Europe on its side has got to realise that debts and disarmament are not two questions but one.

* * *

The only published reports we have so far seen of the recent massacre of peasants in the Ukraine came from obviously inspired Polish sources. They have implied that the trouble was due to Communist propaganda. But the district of Lisko is situated in a remote part of the Carpathians and the facts, as we hear them, suggest that starvation and Polish terrorism explain what could scarcely in any case have much to do with Communism. These peasants have been reduced to utter destitution by the decline in the timber trade and the drying up of emigration to America. The land on which they work is the property of big Polish landowners—Count Potocki is a notorious name—and they are entirely in the hands of the Polish police and forest guards. Unlike town workers they are allowed no unemployment relief, and by way of paying the Polish

taxes they are required to work at road construction without wages. In June last they were ordered by Count Potocki to continue building him a road without payment. They refused, and rumour spread that this apparently illegal demand for further *corvée* meant a reimposition of serfdom, the memory of which is not yet dead in the Ukraine. They appear at first to have committed no acts of violence themselves beyond disarming three policemen. The Poles then turned the district into a war zone, arresting men and women, using hand grenades and burning down farms. Two policemen and a number of peasants—how many is not exactly known—were killed. It will be remembered that the Ukrainians are a national minority whose rights have been guaranteed by the League of Nations, and whose "autonomy" was formally promised by the Poles at the Conference of Ambassadors when the annexed territory was allowed to remain under Polish sovereignty.

* * *

A good deal has appeared in the press lately about the relaxation of the restrictions on private trading in Russia, and this has even been hailed in some quarters as a sign that the Bolsheviks are being forced back to capitalism. That is a mistaken notion. What has happened is, first, that the peasants are now permitted, and indeed encouraged, to bring their surplus products to the open market and to sell them for what they will fetch. But the markets are regulated by the State and the intervention of middlemen is prohibited. This is designed not only to please the peasants, but to increase the supply of provisions in the towns. Secondly, home producers of household goods are similarly allowed and encouraged to bring their products to market. This licence is a complement, and an almost necessary complement, of the first. For the peasant, when he has sold his butter and eggs, does not want to go home with a packet of rouble notes in his pocket. He wants to spend his money on pots and pans and other articles, which he, like everyone else, finds it difficult to get. These measures, therefore, are clearly measures of practical expediency. They may be only temporary; they do not seem in any case to threaten the bases of the Socialist State.

* * *

The Wednesbury by-election, while it hardly constitutes, from the Government's point of view, the writing on the wall, has a significance that will not be overlooked. It probably indicates definitely the release of, at any rate, the industrial constituencies from the hypnotism of the "crisis" and of crisis-psychology, and the emergence of a saner attitude towards the strange mentality of the present coalition. Labour's poll is up by 1,000; the Conservative poll is down by 7,000. No doubt the main factor in this large turnover has been, as both candidates aver, dissatisfaction with the means test; while unemployment continues at its present level, the Government cannot hope to hold industrial seats. But other factors cannot be ignored. One is a natural objection to food-taxes; another, the obvious failure of tariffs to stimulate local industry; a third, a widespread and proper dislike of cuts and sham economies. Conservative headquarters, it is rumoured, are surprised at the Wednesbury result. The hysteria indissociable from the "crisis" must have strangely dulled their perceptions.

* * *

The resignation of Sir Henry Thornton from the headship of the Canadian National Railway is a far more important event than English readers might infer from the cables. When the National was created out of the wreck of the Grand Trunk and other lines, the Dominion Government made a venture of public ownership with almost everything against it, especially the resounding success of the Canadian Pacific. Canada paid dearly for the National, but the enterprise was justifying itself in a noteworthy degree when the economic blizzard struck the West. Sir Henry Thornton achieved a signal success. He made Canadians proud of their National, and nothing was more interesting than the unanimity with which the employees of the system become missionaries of public ownership and adherents of the Director. But latterly, and quite apart from the depression, it was manifest that things were not going well. The National displayed signs of megalomania, one of them being the scheme for the vast terminus in Montreal, now suspended, and Sir Henry Thornton had to meet charges of personal extravagance at a time when lavishness has been promoted to a place among the deadly sins. Comment upon the merits of the case would, of course, be improper, but it is permissible to say that so great and promising an experiment as the Canadian National ought at all costs to have been kept above the clouds of suspicion.

* * *

The deadlock in the cotton trade has gone on so long that many people have dismissed it from their minds. Yet it is a matter of the greatest importance; and this week the situation has taken a new and dramatic turn. For months past this great industry has been without any wage-agreement at all; and one employer after another has been attacking the established wages and conditions by making local reductions or changes in working practice on his own. This constant pressure at length led the Trade Unions to abandon their resistance to any general wage-cut, and negotiations for a new general agreement have been begun. But at the same time the attempt to enforce heavy reductions in the Burnley area—one of the largest in Lancashire—has led to a general stoppage of the mills in that district. It was widely predicted last week that, in face of the severe pressure of unemployment, a large number of the operatives would refuse to come out. But in fact the stoppage is almost complete, and no big mills at all have been able to keep open. The strike has not been allowed so far to interrupt the negotiations for a new general agreement. But it is understood that the reduction demanded by the employers, even, in its latest amended form, goes far beyond anything the Trade Unions are prepared to accept. The employers are united in public; but in private many of them hold that the attempt to reduce wages is a mistake, and that even much lower wages will be ineffective in expanding sales. The real need of the cotton trade is not for lower wage-rates, but for drastic reorganisation, in its marketing as well as in its productive methods.

THE IRISH BLOCKADE

IS the British public really going to allow the economic war between England and the Free State to develop without further effort at conciliation? It would be well to count the cost. We believe that the consequences will be far more serious than has yet been realised. We believe, too, that a solution is still possible on lines that involve no surrender of principle on either side. So far the British Government has assumed that the right way to deal with anyone so unreasonable as Mr. De Valera is to retort in kind: it has assumed that, since Ireland depends on British trade to a far greater extent than Britain on Irish trade, tariffs directed against the Free State would bring Mr. De Valera to his knees. The National Government has stood for British nationalism just as Mr. De Valera stands for Irish nationalism. England, it says in effect, is not to be flouted: Mr. De Valera must learn that there are limits to the amount of tail-twisting which the British lion will suffer.

This policy and the argument that supports it are, in our view, false morally, psychologically and economically. True, Mr. De Valera is unreasonable and anxious to "score." If he had approached England with an argument that the changed value of money constituted a strong case for "converting" the sums due for the Land Annuities, if he had argued from the beginning that three million pounds a year was an excessive burden for Ireland to bear, England would have been forced to listen to him. But he postponed the argument that on a comparision of the wealth of the two countries, three million pounds to Ireland was the equivalent of three hundred millions to England, until the dispute on the question of law and principle had already been joined. This may seem unreasonable behaviour, but surely the test of statesmanship is the capacity for dealing with unreasonable people. Of course, if the Government's object is "prestige," if it gets a kick out of its nationalism, then it has its reward. But if the object is to establish a good relationship between England and the Free State, if peace is regarded as an end in itself, then a less vainglorious policy makes better sense. And if, in striking, the blow should fall short and rebound upon this country, then the Government will look not a little ridiculous.

Supposing the Government succeeds in coercing Mr. De Valera; supposing that Ireland suffers severely from our tariffs (nothing less than very severe suffering could be expected to coerce Mr. De Valera—though we presume that the Government does not expect to see a Lord Mayor's Fund set up in London this winter for the relief of Irish distress), what comfort would that be to England? If, as may very probably happen, gunmen again rule in Ireland, if there is shooting on the Ulster Frontier, if there is an open demand for a Republic, and threats from the I.R.A. against the Treaty ports, will the British case against Mr. De Valera be in itself a satisfactory answer to criticism? At a time when we are hoping that Americans will review our debt to them in a sympathetic mood, will the unreasonableness of Mr. De Valera seem a sufficient excuse for reviving the powerful antipathies of Irish-Americans who have been so happily silent during recent years? Will the National Government be held blameless by the British public because, rather than have a foreigner on a Board of Arbitration, they have opened another chapter of Irish miseries?

If the British Government is hoping to win without such repercussions, we believe that it is profoundly misunderstanding the psychology of Irish nationalism. Apparently it hopes to bring Mr. Cosgrave back to power by showing that economic disaster follows from Mr. De Valera's policy. Now there will undoubtedly be many realistic people in Ireland who put profit before nationalism and who would vote for Mr. Cosgrave in the event of an election (which Mr. De Valera need not risk unless he desires). But we have the whole history of irrational nationalism—and the Irish brand is one of the most irrational—to warn us that the national appeal against the hated English is likely to sweep multitudes of otherwise sensible people into Mr. De Valera's camp. Moreover, with the I.R.A. in their present mood an election is scarcely likely to be free. The British tariffs play directly into Mr. De Valera's hands. If the British Government had ever taken the trouble to inquire about the nature of Mr. De Valera's political and economic opinions, it would have known that he would jump at the chance of cutting off British imports into Ireland. He is the most extreme of economic nationalists, and when he is told that there is to be a tariff on Irish dairy-produce, he replies that in that case the Irish can consume it themselves; when he is told that many farmers depend on the export of store cattle to this country, his retort is that the store cattle industry is not in any case one he wishes to encourage, because it provides very little employment for the Irish, has been responsible for depopulating much of the best land in Ireland and has indeed only grown up because England in the past has prevented Ireland having industries of her own in order that she might be kept as a source of food supply for the British industrial population.

The immediate results of the British tariffs have been exactly what anyone who understood the mind of Fianna Fail would have expected. Instead of Irish goods paying the 20 per cent. tax at English ports and so compensating for the loss of the Land Annuities, the boats are arriving in Liverpool empty of cargo. An examination of Anglo-Irish trade during the last fortnight suggests that the British Government will be lucky if it receives 15 per cent. of the revenue it anticipated when it imposed the duties. Such meagre receipts as there are will in any case be mainly paid for, not by Ireland, but by the British consumer. Meanwhile, the Free State is transferring its coal orders to the Continent and seems likely to make quite a useful little revenue out of the tariffs imposed on British exports to Ireland. Whether in these circumstances the British Government's policy will lead to the overthrow of De Valera we do not venture to prophesy. But that it must result in increased unemployment in England, and in distress in Ireland; that it stimulates economic nationalism in both countries, and puts another obstruction in the rapidly diminishing stream of inter-state trade, is indisputable. And the joke, if anyone can be found to laugh at it, will be that the Land Annuities, in so far as they are paid at all, will be paid by the British consumer.

Is it really too late to introduce a little sanity into the situation? Negotiations finally broke down on a comparatively small point of procedure. Nothing stood in the way except Mr. De Valera's dislike of pledging himself to a purely Empire Court and the British insistence that only members of the Commonwealth are eligible. Only a National Government, free from the restraint of a powerful Opposition, could have dared to make such a point of punctilio the excuse for declaring an economic war and risking the destruction of the British Commonwealth, whose proud boast it is not to be bound by rigid constitutional forms. But we believe Mr. MacDonald to be sincerely anxious for a settlement and we suggest that it is not too late to reconsider the possibility of agreeing upon the composition of a Board of Arbitration.

Two letters which have recently appeared by distinguished international lawyers in the *Manchester Guardian* suggest that a solution is possible. On July 26th, Sir John Fischer Williams cited the precedents for the Labour proposal to set up a "fact-finding commission" which would at worst give a "cooling-off" time and which might report in a manner which would in substance settle the controversy. He then asked:

> Is it quite impossible to follow up to a point the procedure sketched out (unfortunately the work was left unfinished) by the Imperial Conference of 1930, but to allow one member of the tribunal to be a citizen of the United States, holding, or having held, high judicial office, the name to be agreed upon by the Government of the Free State and the British Government or, failing agreement, to be designated, let us say, by the Governor-General of Australia or Mr. Justice Holmes?

If such a proposal is unacceptable to the British Government, what possible objection can be made to Dr. Lauterpacht's argument, which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* on July 25th? He urged the precedent of the Alaska boundary dispute between this country and America. The Board of Arbitration finally agreed upon in that dispute consisted of six jurists, three nominated by each side, on the understanding that any majority decision should be binding. Lawyers argued then, as they are arguing again to-day, that such a body could only reach a deadlock. But in fact in the Alaska case one of the British representatives voted in favour of the United States, and, as Dr. Lauterpacht says, "the verdict of history has been that this arbitration constituted not only an important contribution to international settlement but also an inspiring example of judicial impartiality." He suggests that if three judges were appointed by the Free State and three by the United Kingdom both parties would have reason to be satisfied; Mr. De Valera could not say that the dice were loaded against the Irish Free State and the British demand that all the members on the tribunal should be members of the Commonwealth would also be satisfied. If the British Government makes no further effort, either directly or through an intermediary, to reopen negotiations on some such lines, the world will judge that it does not seriously desire a reasonable settlement, and the consequences to Ireland, to the United Kingdom and to the Empire will surely be set down to its charge. Does the National Government really wish to go down to history as the Government which destroyed the British Commonwealth on a point of punctilio?

REACTION IN GERMANY

GENERAL VON SCHLEICHER has before now been suspected of wishing to provoke disorder so that a state of emergency may justifiably be declared. It looks, at any rate, as if he has fooled the Nazis again. There is little reason to doubt that Hitler agreed to the appointment of the Papen-Schleicher cabinet in return for the promise of a free hand in Prussia. Of this understanding the Nazi President of the Prussian Diet sent another more insistent reminder to Papen on July 19th. This time the reply was prompt; on July 20th the Chancellor himself became Reich Commissioner for Prussia, and Berlin and Brandenburg were declared to be in a state of emergency and were handed over to the military dictatorship of Schleicher's nominee, Rundstedt. A host of Socialist officials have been driven out, but no Nazis have as yet been appointed. July 31st has become a more interesting date than ever.

If Schleicher succeeds, the reason will be not only that sheer force has been ably used, but also that the general *Weltanschauung* of a large body of influential persons justifies, nay demands, political action of this kind. The ideology of the Hitler movement has perhaps been sufficiently noticed in England of late, but the ideology of this other-than-Nazi Right is only at best described as "back to 1914"; in reality it is little understood and deserves investigation. It is an attitude which cannot be exactly equated with the programme of the Hugenberg Nationalist Party, but is voiced among a wide circle of Nationalist sympathisers. The Nationalists, after all, claim to be particularists, while this creed may be most accurately described as that of the pre-war Prussian officer, and is therefore centralist. The coup of July 20th, which installed the Chancellor of the Reich as acting Prime Minister of Prussia, in restoring the Bismarckian duplication of these offices, is entirely welcome to the whole reactionary group. In other ways their creed is astonishingly reminiscent of the obscurantism of the early nineteenth century, where also a certain *laisser faire* flavour—in the interests, of course, only of the superior social strata—showed that the eighteenth century had passed not quite unnoticed.

The dominant idea among these people is the condemnation of everything that is critical or sceptical, whether in relation to the conventional utterances of governments, or in relation to religion or any of the arts. Any form of intellectualism is anathema; the Jews, who represent this evil thing, have all but vitiated Germany out of recognition since the war. Better late than never, their work must be undone. This attitude is particularly well illustrated in the matter of religion. The godlessness of the German Republic (completely secularised by the 1919 Constitution) had become intolerable, one is told by people who rejoiced at Brüning's fall; Brüning was a devout Catholic and had suppressed the atheistical societies of the Communists, yet he is damned as a Marxist because tenure of office made him comprehend the vast responsibilities of a modern state. If one proceeds to inquire more about the meaning of religion it appears to indicate a belief in God and the emotions; God is in fact interpreted in terms of the believer's favourite emotions, for this is the faith of Rousseau's "Vicaire savoyard" poised proudly above the dictation of doctrinal definition. Denominational allegiance is immaterial—a view necessary to the protagonists of a unitary state among a people so divided between Rome and Wittenberg. The hierarchy of feelings is to be (1) submission to God, (2) submission to the State, and perhaps (3) submission to a denomination; the frontiers between (1) and (2) are obscure. Catholics are expected to find all this palatable, but one is tempted to wonder whether Luther ever made more audacious demands from the Pope. Nor is one surprised to find that the Centre is protesting as hotly

against the military seizure of power in Prussia as against the expulsion of Brüning in May.

With regard to political conceptions, the frequent use of two words by the apostles of this creed is puzzling. "Freedom" is taken to mean the freedom of Germany to arm, and to embrace at least all supposed Germans within her frontiers; with regard to the individual it appears only to mean the freedom of Nazis to wear uniforms (because, it is held, this conduces to Germany's freedom), and the freedom of big landowners and industrial magnates to accept State aid without State control. The second difficult word is "parteilos," of which both "non-party" and "impartial" are inadequate translations. The people I am describing assert that German opinion has swung overwhelmingly to the Right, i.e., in their own favour; it is against their principles to examine the available figures even of the Hessian election (mid-June) which followed the appointment of the present Government. Statistics, in fact, do not bear out their contention; if it were so, the actual parliamentary deadlock could not everywhere exist, and it would not be necessary to scrap democracy in order to create a National Government, nor to use the Reich army to drive out the police chiefs of Prussia. Recent electoral change has favoured—chiefly at the expense of Nationalists and other small groups on the Right—only the Nazis, who are far too unsubmissive to be really "parteilos," although their pleasure in martial exercises is felt to be a suitable initiation for the young. The Conservatives, who form or uphold the Papen regime, are, nevertheless, convinced that they are expressing the national will; all their behaviour, therefore, is justified as "parteilos," above faction, a Christian struggle for the nation's good. The behaviour of their adversaries must consequently be factious, disruptive, and anti-national. It is this state of mind which makes many people able to blame only the Communists for the outburst of violence which exactly synchronises with the release of brown uniforms by the Papen-Schleicher Government.

In all his declarations, the Chancellor has given variations of the theme of the "building up of a Christian attitude" or "Zusammenfassung aller seelische Potenzen."* His flights into individualism have been the most perplexing of all; while he has condemned the sapping of German moral vigour through the development of the State into a benevolent institution, his Government has completed the transaction by which the State has become the virtual owner of the German iron and steel industry by buying up shares in the Gelsenkirchen Mining Company. An invasion of foreign capital was feared; the implication remains, however, that poor men should be left to fight their own battles while rich men cannot stand alone.

The Defence Ministry leads the Conservatives in a determination to strengthen the constitutional power of the President of the German Republic, who is already becoming satisfactorily indistinguishable from the Hegelian God he is to represent. The army has sworn an oath to the Republic, and its generals do not seem to thirst for royal commands, but beyond the military circle there are, of course, many who find the conception of an hereditary monarch more fitting to the reactionary ideology. In either case, a cabinet of obedient experts—which the ministers of the moment profess to be—fits well into the picture.

Since the war, German artistic effort has undoubtedly been revolutionary, very susceptible to Soviet influence, interested in formal experiments, untraditional, amoral, preferring as a theme the outcast to the social man, altogether sceptical and macabre. As illustration, one need only consider the drawings of Georg Grosz, the music of Kurt Weill, Piscator's productions of Toller, films like *Caligari*, the writings of Erich Kästner, the revolutionary nature of architecture. Older writers like Thomas Mann have evinced a penchant for pacifism and internationalism. While many of the artists have been neither Jews nor Communists, it is indisputable that Jewish and Communist influence has been strong. Of late a change has been foreshadowed; Rheinhardt has produced *Helen of Troy* rather than *Peripherie*, the author of *The Criminals* has become the author of *Elizabeth of England*, and for some time now "Ufa" has been owned by Hugenberg.

It would be difficult to dispute that the national mind has been disturbed by these disruptive influences. There has always been a good deal of disapproval; sometimes the journalism of a Ludwig, or the droning propaganda of a sociological play, have indeed become almost intolerable. Now the disapproval will find its public voice to demand the reconstruction of the spiritual potentialities of the German race. The attempt to understand, to forgive, and even to justify the outcast, will cease. Nor will Offenbach be accepted as a satisfactory alternative. To the reactionaries, art is a device by which official morality shall be inculcated; art, moreover, must be autochthonous, springing from purely German soil, steering clear of the emasculation of internationalism. The further these people stand from the Nazis, the less absurdly racial is their demand. There is always a tendency, in architecture, for example, to cry out for glorious German Gothery rather than to admire the more amazing achievements of the Germans under French and Italian influence in the eighteenth century; but in its best aspect the demand is for a heroic cultivatedness which shall teach men—in the words of a German aristocrat—how to live and how to die.

E. W.

* Almost impossible to translate: "Putting together or co-ordination of all spiritual forces."

A LONDON DIARY

WELL-informed Irishmen who have crossed from Dublin this week agree at least on two points. They say that Mr. Thomas is universally regarded as the real villain of the piece. He began by making a joke of Mr. De Valera and when the joke fell flat began to bully. This quite fits in with my memories of Mr. Thomas during the Imperial Conference in 1930. I remember one press discussion in which the representative of a well-known Irish paper had strongly urged certain objections. Mr. Thomas began, "Look here, Mr. bloody Irish——" at which the press representative interrupted with, "Look here, Mr. bloody Thomas." Mr. Thomas was furious. He seemed to think the use of his own adjective applied to himself a disgraceful insult. It also seems to be the fact that it was a telephone conversation with Mr. Thomas on board ship even more than the advice of legal experts which led Mr. MacDonald to refuse the Labour proposal of a Board of Inquiry and to make the absurd stipulation about the Annuity money being paid into court in London. I can imagine that Mr. Thomas would not at once like the idea of a settlement being made in his absence, but in view of his record I cannot help wondering whether Mr. Thomas, having broken up the British Commonwealth in the Old World, will succeed in redressing the balance in the New.

* * *

The other point on which all the Irishmen I have met agree is that anxiety and perplexity now brood over Ireland like a tangible cloud. It is felt that anything may happen. Everyone knows that the I.R.A. are drilling. A friend of mine staying in a country district was told not to go out at night: it might prove safer in the long run not to see anything. Everyone knows there is gun-running in the west. No one knows how strong the I.R.A. are, how far they may push De Valera or how soon they may push him out of the way. On the extreme Left there is a group (which, I am told, is extremely small) called the Saor Eire. It is sometimes foolishly called Communist and has the

reputation of being anti-clerical. About this I am very sceptical. Its full title is, or used to be, not "Save Ireland" but "God Save Ireland," which doesn't sound like anti-clericalism or Bolshevism. One of the names also associated with the leadership of the Sàor Eire is that of Peadar O'Donnell, who was attacked not long ago by a clerical journal for various crimes, one of which was that he had been to Russia. He sued the paper for libel and W. B. Yeats gave evidence on his side. O'Donnell took the line under cross-examination that he and his Sàor Eire friends were more religious than the Bishops. All this confirms my impression that anti-clericalism and Communism scarcely exist in Southern Ireland. Another doubtful factor is the attitude of many of the old Irish Republican Brotherhood leaders who fought with the Republican Army against England, but who supported the Treaty and who have since served the Cosgrave Government in important posts in the army and the police. These men are said never to have forgiven De Valera for the death of Collins and to constitute an independent factor in the present situation. Their existence explains the saying that "Cosgrave has the best gunmen on his side." I have even heard talk of a possible *coup d'état* against De Valera if these men feel that Ireland is likely to be plunged into ruin and war. They would have the pretext that De Valera is not his own master but the slave of unconstitutional forces like the Sàor Eire and the I.R.A. This, of course, is only speculation, but I can imagine circumstances in which such a *coup d'état* might be possible.

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Whitehall's comment on the situation is that after the pagan era and the Christian era it is only reasonable to expect the De Valera.

* * *

Everyone in Paris, I am told, is chuckling over the *Canard Enchâiné*, the libellous, Left-wing successor of Clemenceau's *Homme Enchâiné*. It is devoted to ridiculing militaristic humbug, clerical humbug, and all the snob's chatter about celebrated nonentities, political, literary, cinematic and theatrical. The French law of libel is less strict than the British, and industrialist kings, particularly armament kings, are mercilessly lampooned. The *Canard* does not even respect the British rule of *De mortuis nil nisi bunkum*. It referred to the death of Mr. Gillette recently in a paragraph headed *M. Gillette Rend Lame*—a not altogether unphilosophic pun on *l'âme* (soul) and *lame* (razor-blade). Nothing is sacred—not the Marseillaise, the President of the Republic, the Prime Minister or the Commander-in-Chief. It has grotesquely solemn leaders, looks like an ordinary newspaper and prints news paragraphs which contain apocryphal information such as that Mr. MacDonald sent a telegram to M. Herriot, when he obtained a majority in the Chamber with the support of the Right, congratulating him on having learnt from British example—"Your National Union stunt almost as good as mine." The *Canard* has a financial column in which "Herriota" are quoted at 500 francs and "Tardiose" at 325, and the possible amalgamation of these industrial concerns solemnly discussed by the City Editor. Why has England no Left-wing *Punch*? There was a time, of course, when *Punch* itself was radical enough under Douglas Jerrold. In these days it published the "Song of the Shirt" and remarks about Queen Victoria which would not to-day be published in any English paper, least of all in the loyal lackey of the upper classes. But why should we not have a really lively Left-wing *Punch* or *Canard Enchâiné* of our own?

* * *

On Monday, July 18th, there were two cases of window-breaking by drunken men. One came before the Windsor bench. Three men were charged; two of them were old Etonians, and the third gave a Knightsbridge address. The other case came before the Dover bench. Three men were charged, all of them soldiers of the Highland Light Infantry. The three at Windsor chucked bricks through the windows of the Imperial Service College, and of a private house, and smashed road lamps. The three at Dover smashed the windows of four shops. The Windsor three were fined £30 each, ordered to pay £6 each towards the damage, and half a guinea costs. The three at Dover were sent to prison for a year each, and fined £1 each.

* * *

The Governments at Geneva have agreed, as they did at the Hague about a quarter of a century ago, that it is wrong to hurt civilians in time of war. It will be remembered that the experts at Geneva were asked to pronounce on "offence" from the air, and decided that:

> The means of warfare, intended to be dropped from the air, which are the most threatening to the civil population are those which, considered individually, produce the most extended action, the greatest moral or material effect; that is to say, those which are the most capable of killing, wounding or immobilising the inhabitants of centres of civil population or of demoralising them, so far as concerns immediate consequences, and, so far as concerns future consequences, of *impairing the vitality of human beings*.

I quote from the Air Commission's official report. The strongest comment I have seen on the epoch-making decision at Geneva comes from the *Aeroplane*, which says:

> The foolish idea of not making war on the civil population seems to have been a development of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. There was never any talk of not making war on the civil population when the Spaniards were laying waste the Netherlands, in Queen Elizabeth's days. . . . Anyhow, look at it any way you will, war on the civil population is the *natural* way of making war and it is the quickest way of ending a war.

When I am blown to bits in a raid I shall be glad to know that I am dying a natural death. CRITIC.

TEMPER LOST AGAIN

I SOMETIMES wish I had kept a diary, recording among other things every occasion on which I lost my temper. To read such a record would have been for me an admirable stimulus to virtue, since from earliest infancy I was much given to rage, and most of it was rage of which I had no reason to feel proud. To-day I still continue to rage, and I rage inwardly at least twenty times for once that I rage outwardly. I shouted the other day at a bus-driver near Uxbridge for passing a tram on the wrong side and nearly running into me. The bus-driver shouted back, he presumably having a temper, too. I do most of my shouting under my breath, however, and so express my opinion of many of the people who irritate me without giving them offence. It is a bad habit, this storming at one's fellow-creatures, and no one who kept a statistical account of all the vials of his wrath that had been poured out during half a century would ever willingly, after a dip into the ghastly record, give way to temper again. Yet, knowing this, here am I in a shocking temper today.

If you had told me a month ago that I would within a very short period feel furious with the chairman of the A.A., I should have laughed at you. For one thing, I am an enthusiastic admirer of his Association, and, for another, I have never met him. Nevertheless, my blood literally—no, that is not quite literally—boiled the other day when I read the report of a speech he made about hotels and motorists. The report was a mere summary and may not have done him justice, but that reflection did not enable me to keep my temper. What made me particularly indignant were his remarks on the English hotel. He did not say that the English hotel was a perfect hotel, but he suggested that it was unfair to attack the English hotel for not being equal to the foreign hotel, while the restrictions imposed by the laws generally known as D.O.R.A. continue in force.

Now I dislike D.O.R.A. almost as much as I dislike a bad English hotel. D.O.R.A. has been the frequent—the

far too frequent—cause of my unhappy lapses of temper. But, countless as are the crimes of D.O.R.A., she cannot fairly be accused of that super-crime, the bad English hotel. D.O.R.A. is but an adolescent among the evil institutions of England. The bad hotel is a hoary veteran. The bad hotel was invented long ago by the Devil—some say to punish the English for becoming Protestant, some say out of sheer malice. The Devil, seeing that the English loved food more than philosophy, decided that the best way to torture them was to let them have no food—or as little as possible—worth eating. This, he realised, would be all the easier because the Englishman, while a hero on the battlefield, is an unparalleled coward before a cook. Hence, he said, "I will give the English the best beef and the worst cooks to spoil it. I will see to it, as far as possible, that no one in the country will be able to cook even a cabbage." And he began his foul work in the hotels. Luckily, the Devil is not omnipotent, and there are a considerable number of hotels which have never admitted him into their kitchens. But his triumph has been sufficient to satisfy even so malignant a spirit as he. It is he who keeps from the well-meaning cook the knowledge of how to boil a potato. It is he who makes the French beans stringy. It is he who invented a kind of steak-and-kidney pudding that ought to be offered to murderers as an alternative to capital punishment. It is he who takes the flavour out of beef, and steals the meat from the bones in Lancashire hot-pot. It is he who gives the recipe for milk puddings that only a starving boy could eat. It is he who converts prunes—a delightful fruit—into what tastes like medicine intended for a sick animal. It is he who makes the coffee so bad that even the sections and subsections of the skin of milk that are drowned in it seem to improve the flavour. These things all existed generations before D.O.R.A. was born, and they will exist generations after she is dead, unless something is done about it. And that is where the A.A. should come in.

Of all English institutions, the A.A. has the greatest power to persuade hotel-keepers to lead better lives. Nearly every member of the Association, on going to a strange place, looks up the A.A. list of hotels and chooses his hotel from it. This list has been of enormous service to motorists, and one could scarcely ask for a better guide to hotels as they are. In the opinion of many of its members, however, the A.A. does not do as much as it might in converting hotels as they are into hotels as they should be. It has the power of a Mussolini to dictate to the hotel-keepers and to bid them put their kitchens in order. It can tell every hotel-keeper who exhibits the A.A. sign that he will no longer be permitted to do so until he wakes up and becomes something more than a receiver of exasperated travellers' money. If the English hotel-keeper realised that he must work as hard and as efficiently at his business as an ordinary lazy business-man or lose the custom of motorists, there would be a sudden and surprising change in the cookery and comforts of hundreds, perhaps of thousands, of English hotels.

Why, then, instead of denouncing the hotel-keepers for not doing their job properly does the chairman of the A.A. provide them with a delicious sleeping draught and shelter them from criticism with talk about D.O.R.A.? Does D.O.R.A. toughen steaks? Does D.O.R.A. compel a hotel-keeper to offer his guests preserved spinach in summer? Does it take any more time under D.O.R.A. to make tolerable coffee than it takes in the free air of France? Does D.O.R.A. regulate, not only the hours for the sale of liquor, but the quality of the claret? I for one, do not believe it. I believe that the indolence of hotel-keepers is entirely responsible and that the A.A., instead of finding excuses for them, should talk to them severely.

Then there was another thing about which I lost my temper with the chairman of the A.A. Talking about the present outcry over loss of life on the roads and the question whether more restrictions should be imposed on motorists, he urged that bold figures were misleading. How is it possible to be misled by figures? If thousands of people died of lockjaw, the statistics would tell the story in its briefest and most convincing form, and something would be done about it. There is nothing on earth at the present day that kills so many people as the motor car and is at the same time as commonly regarded as a force of nature that had better not be tampered with. This resigned state of mind is largely due to our habit of dividing human beings into "pedestrians" and "motorists." We forget that "motorist" is only a convenient name for describing anyone—criminal or virtuous, mad or sane, drunk or sober—who drives a motor-car, and that the good motorist is infinitely more like a good pedestrian than he is like a bad motorist. Many people, as a result of forgetting this, are constantly defending motorists and pedestrians as a body, and one gets the impression that in their view "Motorists, right or wrong," or "Pedestrians, right or wrong," is the last word of human wisdom. I am sure that the chairman of the A.A. does not take this view, but I wish he had launched out into an attack on selfish and careless motorists instead of suggesting that the figures about death on the roads are misleading.

Fortunately, now that I have indulged in my temper, I have recovered it. I begin to feel that I may have misunderstood the chairman of the A.A. Anyhow, what right have I to get into a rage with a fellow mortal?

Y. Y.

OMENS FOR OTTAWA

AT Ottawa, so I am happy to read,
The principles all were completely agreed,
In the opening remarks, without trouble or fuss,
And only the details remain to discuss.

And yet, while the delegates made their professions
Of a passionate yearning for mutual concessions
(Reserving alone, in security's name,
Their local producers' predominant claim);

While they blandly agreed that a start must be made
In boldly removing obstructions to trade
(An aim which, it seems, can be safely effected
By getting new barriers quickly erected);

Then I couldn't but think, with a touch of alarm,
Of the nations in principle pledged to disarm,
And to do it at once (though they left in obscurity
Some details connected with national security);

Who have argued and bargained and wrangled and fought
O'er the means of attaining the end that they sought,
Till at last they decided, all speaking as one,
That something—in principle—ought to be done.

May the omens be false! Yet I freely confess
That the lyrical raptures I read in the press
Will awake in my breast but a faint repercussion
So long as those "details" remain for discussion.

MACFLECKNOE.

THE FUTURE OF WHEAT GROWING

FOR years past wheat production has been regarded as a problem for politicians rather than farmers, and the economic aspects of the case have been consistently ignored. Even to-day we are assured by many people

of great intelligence that it is quite unnecessary for us to grow wheat in this country because it can be grown for us in Australia, Canada, and elsewhere. The decision to pay 45s. a quarter for English wheat of millable quality has been harshly criticised; perhaps some of the criticism does not lack justification; but certain essential verities have been overlooked and it is well that they should be set out.

In the first place, in point of quantity, England outcrops the world. When the English farmer drills his land he knows that a crop will result. In Australia, on the other hand, the crop will vary in accordance with climatic conditions; it may yield 14 bushels to the acre or it may yield 4, *i.e.*, it may bring a living or a loss. Nobody knows. Canada is faced with all manner of difficulties, the most formidable of her troubles being "rust," which may wipe out half her crop and cannot be controlled by any method known to present-day science. Rust is a singularly deadly enemy of growing wheat. It originates in Mexico and in Texas, comes up from those areas like a cloud, is blown northward and discharges its spores in showers over the country it traverses. In the southern part of the United States the damage is small because, by the time the rust is travelling northward, the southern wheats are too far grown to be infected, but as the clouds advance they come to land where the crop is just rising and there the spores have a deadly effect. Of course, we have rust in England, black, brown and yellow, some of it said to be most insistent when the barberry bushes are common, but it is a far less dangerous type and does not make a perceptible difference in the national returns. Even if Canada can escape the rust, her average yield is less than 20 bushels to the acre of the hard wheats which the English miller and baker love so much, chiefly by reason of the capacity of this wheat flour to absorb water. Twenty-five per cent. of moisture is retained by the hard Manitoba wheat flour, to the trade's exceeding profit.

The best known Canadian hard wheat is the Marquis, bred from the original Red Fife, which has now gone out of cultivation. The same parent wheat was popular in Australia where Come Back was bred from it, and it was thought, in Canada, that the use of Marquis would enable the corn area to be extended in a northerly direction because it is a fast-ripening variety. The belief was justified, and wheat growing has been extended of late years very considerably; but the real success of Marquis has been in the south, in the United States, where its early ripening is valuable to protect the crop from the rust attacks. The Canadian farmer knows when his trouble is coming. The Meteorological Office can tell him when the great rust clouds take the northerly road and when they may be expected over his area, but he can do nothing to resist the attack, and in this liability to serious trouble lies the element of uncertainty, both in Canada and Australia, from which the English farmer is immune.

We can now raise wheat of excellent quality, and under modern conditions there is no reason why, given suitable land and a fair season, any farmer should fail to grow 40 bushels to the acre against an average of 15 and a maximum of 20 on the part of his great competitors. Moreover, there is a steady improvement in the returns, and many farmers, in these days of inexpensive fertilisers, can reach the 48 bushel mark.

Our special trouble was with straw, but in his cages at Cambridge Sir Rowland Biffen has been breeding with ever-increasing success for stiffer varieties. The famous Yeoman wheat does not lodge, and year by year its breeder, in no wise discouraged by the cloud under which wheat growing persists, is producing straws that can support the weight of the head, though he believes it is not safe to rely upon any wheat straw that is more than 3 feet high. The old 3 feet 6 inches or 4 feet straws are no longer worth while because, if they go down, the value of the recoverable part will not compensate the farmer for the increased cost of his harvesting.

The economic possibilities of wheat growing in England are not yet sufficiently understood. There is too great a tendency to look upon the whole question in the light of ancient history, that is to say, to consider wheat growing as it was before we had the assets of cheap "artificials" and before the tractor and the Combine Harvester had come to the farmers' aid. Difficulties that were important a dozen years ago have now been eliminated, and while experts differ in their attitude towards the possibilities of our wheat lands, they are all agreed that we can go a long way towards supplying our own needs.

Sir Rowland Biffen, most conservative of estimators, says that we can produce at least half the wheat we consume. He regards higher estimates as guess work that only time can justify. Sir Charles Fielding goes much farther and says we could be entirely self-supporting; he produces chapter and verse in support of the faith that has been in him since he was Director of Food Production during the Great War. It is reasonable to believe, even though it may be unwise as well as provocative to assert, that the present guaranteed price of 45s. is not really necessary for the skilled farmer on good land. He could make a considerable profit if it were reduced by 5s., and would have no real cause for complaint if, *ceteris paribus*, the wheat figure were stabilised at 37s. 6d. over a long term of years, because, while he could grow 40 bushels to the acre, he would receive £9 7s. 6d. per acre for the wheat and he would have his straw. Even without mechanisation, his costs per acre should not exceed £7 on suitable land, from the time of autumn ploughing to the time when the stacks are threshed, while, of course, if he is able to farm with tractors and combines, his profit would be very much higher. But taking good farmers and indifferent ones with first-class and medium land, 40s. per quarter should prove a fair figure both for those who pay and those who receive —and the price of the loaf would bear considerable reduction.

What we really need, in order to set criticism at rest and give confidence to the farming community, is an official inquiry into the costs of wheat production on various types of soil in this country. A certain amount of soil surveying has already been done at the instance of county or University authorities, and it may be that some areas of the heaviest boulder clay would be ruled out, in all save those seasons of favourable autumn weather when it is possible to get the ploughs to work and produce a sufficiently favourable tilth. The bad boulder clay, despair of farmers who must depend upon their horse teams, is found over large areas of Cambridge, Kent, Essex and elsewhere. One hundred and fifty acres of it are now being laid down to grass at Cambridge with the intention of leaving the grass for two or three years and then breaking it up and taking advantage of the stored nitrogen and the better tilth to grow two white straw crops in succession. This establishment of good grass land is aided by wild white clover which, in the last few years, has come down considerably from the fantastic figure that obtained.

Corn growing is the very foundation of all farming, and those who emphasise the superior claims of cattle rearing may fairly be reminded that to litter our beasts we must have straw. Again, there is no present substitute for farmyard manure for influencing the texture of the soil. So far as artificial manures are concerned, Italian experiments at Brescia and elsewhere show that it is possible to double the normal crop by their generous employment, while, in the opinion of the experts, the soil suffers no deterioration.

Politicians pass but the land remains, and it is of the first importance, in view of Ottawa, that the paramount claim of England as a wheat-growing country should be borne in mind.

S. L. B.

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The best known Canadian hard wheat is the Marquis, bred from the original Red Fife, which has now gone out of cultivation. The same parent wheat was popular in Australia where Come Back was bred from it, and it was thought, in Canada, that the use of Marquis would enable the corn area to be extended in a northerly direction because it is a fast-ripening variety. The belief was justified, and wheat growing has been extended of late years very considerably; but the real success of Marquis has been in the south, in the United States, where its early ripening is valuable to protect the crop from the rust attacks. The Canadian farmer knows when his trouble is coming. The Meteorological Office can tell him when the great rust clouds take the northerly road and when they may be expected over his area, but he can do nothing to resist the attack, and in this liability to serious trouble lies the element of uncertainty, both in Canada and Australia, from which the English farmer is immune.

We can now raise wheat of excellent quality, and under modern conditions there is no reason why, given suitable land and a fair season, any farmer should fail to grow 40 bushels to the acre against an average of 15 and a maximum of 20 on the part of his great competitors. Moreover, there is a steady improvement in the returns, and many farmers, in these days of inexpensive fertilisers, can reach the 48 bushel mark.

Our special trouble was with straw, but in his cages at Cambridge Sir Rowland Biffen has been breeding with ever-increasing success for stiffer varieties. The famous Yeoman wheat does not lodge, and year by year its breeder, in no wise discouraged by the cloud under which wheat growing persists, is producing straws that can support the weight of the head, though he believes it is not safe to rely upon any wheat straw that is more than 3 feet high. The old 3 feet 6 inches or 4 feet straws are no longer worth while because, if they go down, the value of the recoverable part will not compensate the farmer for the increased cost of his harvesting.

The economic possibilities of wheat growing in England are not yet sufficiently understood. There is too great a tendency to look upon the whole question in the light of ancient history, that is to say, to consider wheat growing as it was before we had the assets of cheap "artificials" and before the tractor and the Combine Harvester had come to the farmers' aid. Difficulties that were important a dozen years ago have now been eliminated, and while experts differ in their attitude towards the possibilities of our wheat lands, they are all agreed that we can go a long way towards supplying our own needs.

Sir Rowland Biffen, most conservative of estimators, says that we can produce at least half the wheat we consume. He regards higher estimates as guess work that only time can justify. Sir Charles Fielding goes much farther and says we could be entirely self-supporting; he produces chapter and verse in support of the faith that has been in him since he was Director of Food Production during the Great War. It is reasonable to believe, even though it may be unwise as well as provocative to assert, that the present guaranteed price of 45s. is not really necessary for the skilled farmer on good land. He could make a considerable profit if it were reduced by 5s., and would have no real cause for complaint if, *ceteris paribus*, the wheat figure were stabilised at 37s. 6d. over a long term of years, because, while he could grow 40 bushels to the acre, he would receive £9 7s. 6d. per acre for the wheat and he would have his straw. Even without mechanisation, his costs per acre should not exceed £7 on suitable land, from the time of autumn ploughing to the time when the stacks are threshed, while, of course, if he is able to farm with tractors and combines, his profit would be very much higher. But taking good farmers and indifferent ones with first-class and medium land, 40s. per quarter should prove a fair figure both for those who pay and those who receive —and the price of the loaf would bear considerable reduction.

What we really need, in order to set criticism at rest and give confidence to the farming community, is an official inquiry into the costs of wheat production on various types of soil in this country. A certain amount of soil surveying has already been done at the instance of county or University authorities, and it may be that some areas of the heaviest boulder clay would be ruled out, in all save those seasons of favourable autumn weather when it is possible to get the ploughs to work and produce a sufficiently favourable tilth. The bad boulder clay, despair of farmers who must depend upon their horse teams, is found over large areas of Cambridge, Kent, Essex and elsewhere. One hundred and fifty acres of it are now being laid down to grass at Cambridge with the intention of leaving the grass for two or three years and then breaking it up and taking advantage of the stored nitrogen and the better tilth to grow two white straw crops in succession. This establishment of good grass land is aided by wild white clover which, in the last few years, has come down considerably from the fantastic figure that obtained.

Corn growing is the very foundation of all farming, and those who emphasise the superior claims of cattle rearing may fairly be reminded that to litter our beasts we must have straw. Again, there is no present substitute for farmyard manure for influencing the texture of the soil. So far as artificial manures are concerned, Italian experiments at Brescia and elsewhere show that it is possible to double the normal crop by their generous employment, while, in the opinion of the experts, the soil suffers no deterioration.

Politicians pass but the land remains, and it is of the first importance, in view of Ottawa, that the paramount claim of England as a wheat-growing country should be borne in mind.

S. L. B.

Correspondence

EMPIRE ARBITRATION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent, M. H. Leyden, is evading the issue on a grave constitutional problem. No amount of hair splitting on the exact meaning of the word "agreed" or ventilation of the individual opinions of a single member of the British Commonwealth of Nations can obliterate the fact that, as disclosed in the official summary of proceedings, the Imperial Conference of 1930 accepted the principle of setting up an *ad hoc* tribunal to be recruited within the Commonwealth to deal with any disputes which might hereafter arise between its constituent members. The decision was vital and important, for, as General Smuts once pointed out, Dominion Status only safeguards the differences of the Commonwealth and leaves yet a great deal to accomplish to safeguard its continued integrity.

At the same time I am very far from agreeing with the policy of the present Government in its present senseless declaration of economic war. I rather believe in the policy advocated in your editorial columns which would have relegated the whole difference to Ottawa, and thus made the Commonwealth vitally interesting in the preservation and maintenance of its own unity. J. H. HARLEY.

59 Parliament Hill,
Hampstead, N.W.

It is true that the principle of an *ad hoc* tribunal composed of five members of the Commonwealth was agreed upon as one of the "recommendations as to the competence and the composition" of the proposed arbitral tribunal. But Mr. De Valera appears to hold that he is not bound by this recommendation, since it was never ratified by the Dail.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE NAZIS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Having been four months in Germany I feel myself bound to protest against your characterisation of the Nazi party as "hooligans" in your number of the 9th of this month. You are unfortunately right that the Nazi movement is regarded with disfavour and suspicion from abroad. But I am surprised that the obvious reason for this has not yet struck you: namely, that the press abroad—and particularly in England—is controlled by people who have a very special reason to dislike the Nazis. What the united press consistently rubs in one cannot help ultimately believing. Thus when I first came to Germany I thought of the Nazis much as you do now. I soon found, however, that my expressed beliefs only caused amusement all round. And such has been the experience of other Englishmen I have met here. The Englishman abroad has long been a laughing-stock, and there can be no doubt that this is partly on account of the education he has acquired from the press at home.

It is true that the raising of the *Uniformverbot* has led to a suspicious growth of disorder in all Germany. To blame the Nazis themselves for it is superficial. The party that is out for revolution is not the Nazi party, but its opponents the Communists. It is noteworthy that in every serious disturbance the Communists, or else their allies the Reichsbanner, have been involved, but by no means always the Nazis. The Communists know that the Nazis themselves are out to avoid all street conflicts, and they are therefore placed at a great advantage.

Moreover, a movement which in a country so pre-eminently Nordic and steady as Germany—the War and the Revolution were the fault of the circumstances—has had such notable success, whose leaders and most of whose adherents are men at least as open to reason as the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, is, in my opinion, entitled to more thorough consideration. C. S. AMOS.

Göttingen, Wagnerstrasse 3/5,
Germany.

[The hooliganism which disgraces the Nazi movement is notorious not only to Englishmen, but to every one else, including Germans. Whether the Nazis are as open to reason as ourselves is not the question. It is their behaviour and not their brains that we take exception to.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has never shown that hectic enthusiasm over the Ottawa Conference that has characterised certain sections of the press and the politicians and I, therefore, hope to be permitted to comment to your readers on the opening discussions.

As yet, we know very little of concrete plans, but the initial speeches emphasise in large and general terms the need for increased trade.

Politicians, who may be expected to be twenty-five to forty years in their thought behind the times, may talk in this way; but do people generally really still hold the eighteenth-century theory that development of trade between nations—the sending of goods backwards and forwards across the seas—of necessity increases the wealth of nations and absorbs unemployment? Unless such trade is "complementary," that is the interchange of commodities that the importing country is unable to produce itself, the trade can hardly benefit anyone except shippers, traders and financiers: indeed, any trade but complementary trade is quite likely to increase rather than reduce unemployment.

A detailed analysis, too long to introduce here, will show that. Moreover, when we come to the specific proposals already put forward, one finds that they involve the importation of food into this country; on that comment is desirable. The under-development of agriculture is already responsible for about half our unemployment, whilst the cost of this unemployment and the relative loss of national wealth is estimated at about £250,000,000 a year. Any increase of food imports will undoubtedly tend to increase this unemployment and loss of national wealth: if, on the other hand, the importations are in substitution for those from other countries, they can hardly fail to cause immediate trade dislocations and, what is even more important, prejudice any later policy for the revival of agriculture on which the rebuilding of our national life clearly depends.

There is no doubt that something may be said for developing the Empire as an economic unit, but this will not be effected by the lines of policy that are being advanced at Ottawa so far.

MONTAGUE FORDHAM, F.R.Econ.S.
Chairman, Rural
Reconstruction Association.

Leplay House,
65 Belgrave Road, S.W.1

EREWHON

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I am in constant touch with a friend in Erewhon, who is anxious that a device which was adopted at a certain stage in the history of that country to settle a dispute which had arisen concerning the liberty of opposing factions in the state to bear arms, should be made known in other parts of the globe: since its immediate success in resolving the conflict without injury, whether real or imagined, to the potential combatants was, he considers, sufficiently noteworthy to merit the serious consideration of other peoples faced with a similar dilemma.

In brief, it was resolved that while it should remain no offence in law for any person or party to possess and display any manner of weapon, whether offensive or defensive, and to make such use of it as might in the opinion of themselves or others redound to their personal or party glory, yet the projectiles of such weapons should not contain any manner of explosive or otherwise dangerous chemical. By this law, no offence was given to those who had formerly been the most bitter opponents of disarmament, *i.e.*, the patriots and the armament manufacturers, since, after the passing of the law, it was still possible for the former to have as big armies and navies as before, at the same or even greater cost, and for the latter to supply them: in fact, by an increased use of publicity and the absence of active opposition, fashions in armaments began to change so rapidly that half the armed forces maintained were perpetually obsolete, and unemployment was unknown in the country from that time forward.

134 Witherford Way, DUNCAN LEYS.
Selly Oak, Birmingham.

THE MEANS TEST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have read with keen interest your remarks on the means test, but am surprised at the conclusion. If there is one

person more than another that the workers dread in these matters it is the Whitehall administrator. The P.A.C.s of Sheffield, Rotherham, West Ham, and other places have at one time or another threatened refusal to carry out the orders, but all alike have hoisted the white flag at the finish. Why? Because, after the experience six years ago of the superseded Guardians, they know that the little finger of Whitehall is thicker than the loins of any local P.A.C. Clearly your remedy would be worse than the disease.

As to "discrepancies" there is, of course, no form of administrative work without discrepancies. But your article ignores the worst discrepancy of all, viz.: the inequality of treatment as between an uninsured worker and one who has exhausted his benefit. Why make a saint of an unemployed motorman and a sinner of an unemployed railwayman? Both alike seek dependence on public funds. Further, some forty per cent. of the L.C.C. transitionals have a previous Poor Law history, and the proportion is probably greater in places like West Ham, Sheffield, or Glamorgan. I note that Lord Snowden has exposed the election-agitation against the means test. Members of P.A.C.s will generally agree with him. There was no greater champion of means tests than the late Minister for Health, Mr. Greenwood, and the present increase of pauperism has come, not from the "determinations" of the local P.A.C.s, but largely from the centralised administration under the Labour Government's Anomalies Act.

MRS. A. E. TERRETT.
127 St. James Road, Battersea, S.W.17.
Member 7 Area L.C.C. Public Assistance Committee.

[We have not proposed a means test administered by "the Whitehall administrator" in the sense apparently imagined by our correspondent. We argued for uniformity and for a drastic revision of the present system. This does not imply that claimants should be subjected to investigations by officials acting under the orders of a Commissioner appointed by the Ministry of Labour—or indeed that they should be "investigated" at all. What we envisage is a greatly simplified form of inquiry, by the unemployment authority, into the claimant's income under certain clearly defined heads (which would not include relatives' earnings). If this is not feasible, and if there is no other decent alternative to a means test conducted by the Public Assistance authorities, we would have none at all.

As for the discrepancy between the treatment of the uninsured and of those who have exhausted benefit, we want that remedied by the bringing of all workers into the insurance scheme.

Mr. Greenwood was never a champion of the present means test.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DESTITUTION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The letter in your issue of July 23rd, from a "Member of a Public Assistance Committee," and "Critic's" reply, may call for a little more explanation to those happily unused to destitution. May I comment briefly on two points?

1. In theory the worker thrown suddenly out of employment has a week's wages in his pocket. (In practice, most workmen's earnings are partially or wholly mortgaged in advance.) The law, therefore, has made a *six days' gap* without Unemployment Insurance Benefit. Actually, a man must wait until nine, or sometimes ten, days from the time he draws his last wages, and then he will receive three days' insurance money from the Labour Exchange. This system naturally has the effect of rendering the family destitute for at least half a week before U.I.B. is drawn, and for half a week after drawing only three days' money.

2. *Neither the R.O. nor P.A. Committee may relieve a family until there is no food in the house.* An illustration may be useful. A man with a wife and five children earned 32/- a week, and his employer refused to pay him more. The man paid 15/- for rent. Each week he applied for relief when the balance of his miserable wage was spent. The P.A. Committee was not able to make an order for relief for even a few weeks at a time—a fresh application had to be made each Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday *for several years.*

I. T. B.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In his comment upon the letter from a Member of a P.A. Committee, your contributor might have made a little clearer the case of the National Health Insurance Benefit. A well-administered Approved Society usually pays sickness benefit within a day or two of the receipt of the second medical certificate (the first being simply a formal notification of sickness, not of its duration for the minimum period necessary to qualify for benefit): this means, normally, that the man would have been ill for at least a week, and probably ten days, before he could receive the benefit. In the case quoted by "Critic," however, the man had gone into a hospital, and benefit cannot be paid in such a case till he has been discharged, unless he sends a signed request for payment to be made to an actual dependant—such as the wife in this case. It is easy to believe that in a "serious illness" the patient might be unable to do this or forgetful of the need, and a workman's wife is not, as a general rule, cognisant of all the legal requirements. A Public Assistance Authority might satisfy itself as to the actual facts; it certainly ought not to assume that N.H.I. Benefit would be forthcoming "within five days of a patient signing on the panel," for that is barely possible, with the utmost care and expedition on the part o everybody concerned, in such a case as the one cited.

National Union of Clerks,
Approved Society No. 184.
FRED HUGHES.

STERILISATION

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Many besides myself must have read with mixed feelings the article and subsequent correspondence on the above unsavoury subject. But it is apparently left to me to point out that the less one knows about a certain class of facts the better for all concerned. I at least know the difference between right and wrong. And when I find a person who seems to have enjoyed some education publicly declaring that "it would, in many ways, be an excellent thing if the normal manifestations of love could be freed from all thought of consequences" my pen leaps to my hand in protest. I believe that England is still sound at heart, and that I speak for all true Englishmen and Englishwomen when I say: "If this be your sterilisation, we will none of it!"

I confess, Sir, that when the title of the article in question first caught my eye I turned to it eagerly, hoping for something very different from what I can only describe as a cynical incitement to sin. We all know what "sterilisation" means: it is a word familiar to most of us from our earliest years, and it is associated in our minds rather with England, Home, and Beauty (if I may coin a phrase) than with the "Liberty that is Licence" at which your contributor does not blush to hint. If I read him aright he has imported an entirely new meaning into an expression which one had hoped was sanctified for all time by its use in the nursery. I am not a scientist; but I need no dictionary to tell me the meaning of "sterilisation." It means, in a word, purity. Sterilised milk means pure milk; and one had always hoped that a sterilised man meant a pure man, one from whom both the *impulse* and the *power* to sin (in a certain way) had been eradicated. But this, I find, is very far from being the meaning attached to it by your so-called Harry Roberts. Oh, dear me, no! He knows a trick worth two of that—if I may be permitted the sarcasm. He would deprive us, not of sin, nor of the opportunity for sin—but only of sin's consequences. So, with a light laugh, he seeks to destroy the chief bulwark of our national morality! Speaking in the name of myself and my dear wife (at whose request I am writing this letter), I solemnly warn your readers that, if this gentleman *(sic!)* were to have his way in the matter of sterilisation, within twenty-four hours there would be left not one *virtuous man* nor one *pure, good woman* throughout the length and breadth of "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England." At such a prospect even the most hardened must surely stand appalled.

G. B. GRUNDY.

JOHN FREEMAN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It is proposed to collect a volume of the late John Freeman's letters for publication. If readers have any letters likely to be of interest to the general public, will they kindly send copies or originals to Mrs. G. Freeman, 224 Anerley Road, S.E.20?

If originals are sent, copies will be made and the originals returned as soon as possible.

G. FREEMAN.

ANTI-WAR CONGRESS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has been good enough to give favourable attention to our preparations for the World Anti-War Congress, which is being convened on the initiative of Professor Einstein, Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell, Havelock Ellis, and other leading figures in the world of intellect.

The campaign to organise a wide and representative British delegation has met, as you have reported to your readers, with remarkable success; the response from the teaching and medical professions has been particularly cordial. So considerable, in fact, are the activities which the British Committee has been led into by the very cordial response to the campaign that we now find ourselves in a most urgent need of funds. Any reader of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION who feels that he wishes to take part in this campaign to organise resistance to war can perform a great service by sending us a donation. His money will be used immediately to extend and intensify our campaign. Cheques should be made payable to me. JOHN STRACHEY.

53 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. Provisional Treasurer of the British Delegation.

Miscellany

X-RAY

THE X-ray department in the hospital is reached by tepid corridors. A swing door admits the noises of the street and with a gulp swallows you and rejects them. You are cut off from the world. Stairways lead upwards to the regions of pain, six floors carefully labelled and distributed; yet, passing the open doors of laboratories, seeing instruments and retorts, smelling ether which excites the nostrils, the body begins to feel important. It is bringing its talent of pain to the total.

The waiting room stands between two doors; one swings and gulps like the street door, the other is fixed open and leads into a long room which is unnaturally light. The X-ray machine is screened by long brown curtains. There are four benches in the waiting room and a high window, and none of the waiting people are speaking though the air is nervous with their wanting to speak. They look at one another and down at the light reflected in diagram on the polished floor. But it is not sun that lies there in a pool, you feel, but mere evidence of the existence of light. If to escape you look outside it is to see on one of the higher floors in another wing a man in a white coat holding up a test tube—a god, and the nurses who come and go up the iron fire escapes outside are visions in Jacob's Ladder.

The immediate noises are particular and lively: the high heels of the starched nurses on the floor, the suction of the swing door when a patient is wheeled in on a stretcher or in a bath chair, the fizzling, electric frying noise of the X-ray machine behind the curtain. It might be a steam press in a cleaner's shop and you expect to see a cloud of steam blow up over the top of the curtain. The disembodied voice of a nurse says, "Lie down. Pull down the trousers to the knees. When I say, 'Breathe gently,' hold the breath and do not breathe till I tell you. Put the arms above the head (this patient knows). Now breathe. . . ."

The frying begins.

"Breathe out. Pull up the trousers. Get down. Dress. Go outside and wait. You may put your coat on." Each sentence is exact and part of a formula.

A nurse comes out and goes to the telephone. "X-ray department speaking. Is Sister there? Oh, Sister, you know that little boy Reeves? Well, we'll have to have him down again. The films haven't come out. His stomach's all full of gas."

A human expression of guilt comes over the waiting people. Are they, too, grossly and unscientifically full of gas? This starts conversation. The women are sitting opposite the men on different benches, in voluntary segregation. Among the women by mistake sits one chicken-breasted, trembling little man, stringy of skin, red-nosed and wearing a white choker. His knees are drawn up and are tight together. When the nurse comes in and says without interest, "Beale? Patient called Beale?" and there is no answer, a dozen heads naturally turn upon him. He must be Beale. And he is squeezing himself into his corner. "Beale?" The nurse steps forward to accuse him. He makes a noise that is Beale. She bends over him like a large white intoxicating flower. "Are you Beale?" He squeezes himself and makes another noise. "Beale," she says sternly, "you have come on the wrong day." He cowers. "You ought to have come last Thursday, not this." He stares at her and murmurs. "We were expecting you."

There is a movement of delight and pity. All gaze at Beale the hero, the idiot, the man who HAS COME ON THE WRONG DAY. The hospital goes on humming. The sunlight is still being generated. "I don't know what we shall do about you, Beale." And outside: "What's to be done about this man Beale, Sister?" His lot is beyond desolation. Other nurses come in and gaze at him. When *she* comes in again Beale grips his cap and thinks he ought to stand up when a lady is talking to him. "Sit down," says the nurse. "Don't stand, Beale. Sit down." It is terrifying for him to sit down. Then she says in a deep, enticing voice, "Go into that room." He stares. "Get up and go into that room."

He gets up and hesitates in a muddle, trembling and looking at the doors and the window.

"Over here, Beale," she says. "Into that dressing room."

He is shuffling about the room quite lost, glancing at her like a dog. Now his lips are tight, now they are loose. She leads him by the elbow as he stutters something. "Beale, take off your coat and waistcoat, loosen your trousers, put on a dressing gown. When you have done that come out and wait."

The door closes on Beale. Everyone waits and waits for him to come out. But he does not come out. People begin to smile and nod significantly at the door. "Coo," says a girl, who is very pale and has large round dark eyes like a surprised half-caste doll. She has her hand over her lips. "Oh, dear," she says. She cannot stop giggling with awe. "I'm that hungry," she says. "They do play you up. No breakfast. Did they make you take some stuff?"

This, of course, to the strong man of the room. He sits like a cowed boxer gone to fat, a massive, mottled man with a broken nose, rather scared and absurdly friendly. He is always jumping up to open doors for nurses and wants to talk to everyone. "You have to take it," he says with authority. "Yes," says the girl, shocked at herself. "I'm going to have something quick when I get out of this."

"They're not open yet," says the bruiser. People sigh and smile. Their eyes shine for a moment and go dead again. "Oh, dear," says the girl, rolling her eyes and holding her empty stomach. "Yus," says the bruiser, shaking his head.

The door opens and in comes a woman who knows what she is doing, walks straight to the bench, gives it a whisk with a newspaper, sits down and puts her bright pop eyes into the *Daily Mirror*, and hums. In a moment she might twitter like a canary. She wears a bright blue dressing gown and nods to all the nurses. She is the efficient spinster settling with the glee of a bird. She has come to stay. But she is only the harbinger of a richer disturbance. Far doors are heard swinging. The curtains suck in and belly out wide, a warm cyclone is coming. Nurses scatter to the walls, and suddenly there appears with great strides a tall red-haired doctor, fat, whiskered and gleaming, cannibal, with his white coat flying behind him and out of it great

legs leaping with the gusto of striped tigers. He dashes through the sun, a hand covered with golden hairs shoots out of his sleeve, back flies the swing door and he is gone, the spices of the Indies with him. Thermometers have risen. But when the air has settled again the nurse comes and intones, "Beale," looking at the empty corner. Where is Beale? What is he doing in that room? Is he praying or weeping or has he hanged himself? With what awful garments is he struggling? Will he be found crushed on the heel of the doctor's shoe?

"He hasn't come out, miss," says the bruiser, the reformed boy of the class. Everyone is smiling with expectation except the spinster, wetting their lips for the entrance of Beale. A lanky man with a lot of hair who wriggles, smells of tobacco, bites his nails and looks like a barber, slaps his knee with a long hand and says, "Oh, flick!"

"Ssh," says the bruiser. The nurse opens the dressing room door, and although it is a room no bigger than a bathing box her voice sounds as if she were bending down and talking to something under the seat. "Come on, Beale," she says. "Come with me." And out comes Beale with his trousers collapsing and his braces on the floor, lost in the huge dressing gown except for a head that is like that of an unfledged bird. He opens his mouth several times but no words come, only noise. The women are now very pitiful as he is led into the next room behind the curtain. The bruiser spreads his legs and puts his hands on his knees. The barber doubles himself up with expectancy. An old man who has been wheeled in in a bath chair snuffles. The spinster goes on reading. From behind the curtain come the familiar voices, the familiar hum of the hospital. Up the iron staircase outside a nurse rises with a tray, an offering to the god. Is it Beale?

Suddenly there is a loud humming sound, a cool voice, "When I say 'Breathe gently,' breathe gently and hold it till I tell you to breathe out. The arms at the sides. Now 'Breathe gently.' Hold it. . . ."

"Whoops! Off we go," exclaims the bruiser in a loud voice, as the electricity crackles. "He's copped it."

"Oooh dear," says the girl, showing large, foolish teeth. Perhaps Beale has been sawn in two. But Beale returns whole, looking behind him suspiciously and takes his seat among the women at the back, sitting in the sunlight at the window like a fly. The spinster goes. "Me?" she says, brightly. She takes her *Daily Mirror* with her. It is she who never returns. They have probably put her to sing in a golden cage. The bruiser is called. He swallows and grimaces at the girl who watches him go from the room. In a few minutes he returns, smiling sheepishly. "It don't hurt," he boasts to her. "They put something on top of you. Pouf, it's heavy, but that's all."

But he is surprised he is still alive and so is everyone else. Beale was half dead already—but this man: it had sounded as if he were being ironed out flat and here he is in three dimensions the whole seventeen stone of him. When he sits down he looks back to the curtain rather pleased with himself, nodding his head with approval of the process as it is repeated, rather like someone who has been called on to the stage by a conjurer. What happens next? Can he help again?

"Do they let you see yourself?" asks the barber.

"Nao," says the bruiser. "What you think you are inside? A family group?"

The bruiser and the barber go, the women go, only Beale is left. After a long while the nurse says, "Oh, Beale, we shall want you on Saturday at nine. Will you remember Saturday at nine? This Saturday. Take no aperient." Beale looks up through his long eye-lashes with eyes so tightly crinkled that they are no bigger than a pair of fleas. Very slowly his lips draw back and show six strong yellow teeth. He makes a noise. He is called back from three wrong doors. "This way, Beale," says the nurse.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

THREE MODERN SPANISH DRAMATISTS

LOOKING at Spanish Literature from a distance and knowing indeed only the names of perhaps a dozen or so Spanish authors, one fact strikes me: those who have been endowed with extraordinary talent have also been endowed with an extraordinary and blessed facility. The great Spanish dramatists have written an astonishing number of plays; Calderon wrote several hundred, and Lope de Vega, who has been considered the real founder of the national theatre in Spain, was even more prolific. And I believe that this happy facility has marked many modern Spanish playwrights and novelists.

Gregorio Martinez Sierra was born in 1881. He did not start his dramatic career until 1907, and yet (I am not sure of the number) he must have written already more than fifty original plays. His non-dramatic works as far back as 1923 occupied thirty volumes, and by that date he had in addition adapted and translated forty-seven other plays. Meanwhile, he had also edited a library of the World's Classics in translation, a magazine, founded a successful publishing house, and managed a Madrid theatre. He seems, therefore, to be another example of this astounding national facility; industry alone could not accomplish such things. Facility in the blessed sense is also one of the marks of those plays of his which have reached us in translation. An immediate directness, an instinctive balance between subtlety and reticence are among their great merits. They run with a beautiful ease from beginning to end, and even when the theme is gravest there is a lightness and spontaneity in the treatment of it which suggests that the dramatist instantly knew what he wanted to do and how to do it. His plays possess the graces of superficiality as well as depth of insight. It is to Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker and Mr. Garrett Underhill that we owe our acquaintance with the drama of Sierra. (*The Plays of Martinez Sierra*, Chatto and Windus, two vols.).

The Kingdom of God (translated by Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker) has lately completed a good run at the Westminster Theatre. It was first performed in 1927, when Miss Gillian Scaife took the leading part of Sister Gracia. With her recent performance so fresh in our memories, I need only recall its merits briefly. It was natural and dignified, falling short only at one great dramatic moment. In Act II Sister Gracia is working in a lying-in home for mothers of illegitimate children, and the doctor of the institution proposes to her. In Act I she has been seen sacrificing her youth and gaiety to make the lives of old men in an almshouse a little more tolerable; but in Act II her vocation (the second stage of her journey towards sanctity) demands a far greater sacrifice. She must give her sympathy to every kind of woman who comes to the institution, a sympathy which is now mixed with the longings of her own mature womanhood—and yet her sympathy, if it is to help others, must be kept pure from her own inner tension. It is at this moment that the doctor declares his love. (It must be remembered that Sister Gracia belongs to the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, who take yearly vows which they may renew or not as they wish.) "And you dare to speak to me of love—here—where we see how it ends," she cries out of her torture. That is the moment which, with all her delicate skill, Miss Scaife failed to make as dramatically poignant as it might have been. The love the doctor offers means to Sister Gracia health, as well as opportunity for service. She admits she is tired, ill—poisoned. "Oh, no doubt as you say. But God, who has my love, is with me. I may not see Him, but He is with me . . . O yes, it is true He has put bitterness in my cup . . . but He has given me so much other happiness . . . And He will again; I know He will. And even if He does not, I have given myself for ever." The curtain falls on her rushing to meet the Sister Superior. "I want to leave here at once—and without

anyone knowing—or knowing where I go. I beg you—for the love of God! It is a case of conscience." In Act III we see Sister Gracia as an old woman. It is her selfless human shrewdness she now is offering to the cause of the "Kingdom of God." The mother-instinct in her has expanded into a natural tenderness for all abandoned children. We see her exhibiting goodness in its practical form. We watch her quelling a rebellion in her orphanage caused by the badness of the food, by making the angry young louts repeat a sort of grace, which shows a complete understanding both of their resentment and of its futility at the moment. "Lord, Lord, we thank Thee for this food which is given us in Thy name. There is not much of it, it is not very good, and we will not forget the taste of this bitter bread. And by Thy love we swear Thy children on this earth shall eat of it no more—say it with me—say it. Jesus, Son of God, Christ, Son of Man, by the precious blood Thou didst shed for us we swear to spend our own to the last drop when we are men—that children may not be forsaken any more, that mothers may not be wronged any more, and go hungry and be ashamed to carry their children in their arms. My sons, my sons, promise me that when you are men you'll try to bring these things to pass, that you'll help to build on earth the Kingdom of God." And with these words the play ends.

What is it that makes the play remarkable? An unerring dramatic sense and a natural comprehension of goodness. A commonplace dramatist would have made Sister Gracia die in an atmosphere of impressive sanctity, instead of exhibiting her at her humdrum practical work. There is not a touch of sentimentality and, more remarkable this to an English audience, no dread of it in the play. The author takes for granted that there is such a character in the miscellany of human nature as the saint.

The same qualities, a direct dramatic instinct, and an understanding of goodness, underlie also *The Cradle Song*. The idea is simple enough—Mr. Granville Barker has described it: "a foundling baby thrust upon the mercies of a convent of nuns who bring her up, spend upon her all they can recover of their suppressed motherly instincts, give her to a young man in marriage, and so back to the world." It is a plain story perfectly told and with much humour. There are two protagonists, the religious life and the worldly life, and justice is done to both. Dramatically, the scene where the young bridegroom stands in the sunshine outside the grill, talking to the shadowy nuns who are his bride's "mother" before he takes her away, talking sometimes with a courteous irony, is extremely effective; while nothing in the childishness of convent life is omitted by the dramatist. The result is a refreshing and tolerant beauty.

I have only seen one other Sierra play and that was performed by amateurs, *The Lover*, a one-act play which is predominantly ironical. It is the story of an absurd margarine manufacturer, who became infatuated with a Queen of Spain and ruined himself running about to get glimpses of her. The moment when in the early morning she comes out to feed her pigeons is one of his best opportunities, and for the sake of that moment he has often endured such pangs of cold that he has been glad to take shelter of her ape's cage in the park. He is a ridiculous little man, yet his opportunity of heroism comes. When her courtiers are paralysed by etiquette he saves her life. The reward he asks for is to be allowed to kiss her hand. The perfect knight? No: he remains ridiculous. He also wants a free pass over all the State railways so that he can continue his futile dogging of her steps.

Genuine goodness in art as well as life is a beautiful and moving thing, far more touching than misfortune. It is the strongest colour on the writer's palette. The better sort are generally afraid of using it, for if it is not used with understanding the result is a sickening sentimental daub. Among contemporary dramatists Bernard Shaw is the only one who for a minute or two can create human goodness in a manner which allows it to wake in us its proper response; but he is a little too hearty and afraid of ridicule and sentiment to handle it for long. Tolstoy can convey goodness perfectly in fiction; in Dickens there is now and then a pure touch of it, but it tips over perpetually into sentimentality.

I remember coming away from The Court Theatre—was it three years ago?—from two plays by the brothers Quintero, *Fortunio* and *The Lady from Alfracaca*, and feeling oddly refreshed. I had certainly not been witnessing profound works of art, both my state of mind at the moment and my recollection of what I had actually seen precluded me from attributing my elation to that. Indeed "elation" was not at all the word which described my feelings. Satisfaction would be nearer. I was in a frame of mind when, had fate provided a practical test, I might have behaved well—quite certainly with patience and good-sense under provocation; I was in a frame of mind suitable, say, to negotiating with Mr. De Valera without doing or saying anything silly to relieve my feelings. It was clearly due to the plays I had just seen. I could not discover for a while what it was that had thus calmed my mind. Suddenly it dawned on me: I had been watching the work of two dramatists who loved their fellow men, who could therefore expose their foibles without depressing us and rejoice in their excellent qualities without making a sentimental or heroic fuss. I had seen plenty of plays by men who hated or despised their fellow men or who wanted to correct them or guide them, but it seemed a long time since I had seen a play by one who was genuinely fond of them. Barrie? Yes, in a way. But he often liked best what I did not in human nature. Los Quintero and Sierra have this quality in common, that they write like men who love their fellow men and have a clear recognition that there are many degrees of human capacity for goodness as for other kinds of eminence. It is difficult for writers brought up in a Protestant atmosphere to treat at any rate a religious subject, with an instinctive recognition of this fact.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Mothers

THERE is no doubt that the audience at the Embassy Theatre enjoyed the revival of Sydney Howard's comedy, *The Silver Cord*. Why this play is called a comedy I do not know. It is full of witticisms of the generalising kind and the mother is almost a mother-in-law joke. Although this weakens the force of dramatic presentation, tragedy predominates. Possibly the author thought it better to use the lighter Shavian method rather than that of Strindberg to a generation already converted. Mr. Howard has written of the consequences of ill-used mother love, of which the ramifications are possessiveness, jealousy and sentimental memories. Mrs. Phelps gives material aid which would be better denied to sons of weak character, and demands emotional displays of affection which are revolting. She is beaten in a wordy battle between her and Christina, her scientifically trained daughter-in-law, but she wins the unfought battle with Hester, who is jilted and driven to attempted suicide by the younger son. Mrs. Phelps is an exaggerated type, though not unreal, and because *The Silver Cord* is admirably acted, it does not fail to make its point. It would have been more successful if the author had not relied so much on realistic exhibitions of temper, and if the crises had been better timed.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Sunday, July 31st—
"Der Hauptmann von Koepenick," Cambridge.
"Alone," Academy.

Monday, August 1st—
Malvern Festival, August 1st to 20th.
International Exhibition of Photography, Wertheim Gallery.
Desmond MacCarthy on "New Books," B.B.C., 6.50.

Wednesday, August 3rd—
Cedric Belfrage on "The Cinema," B.B.C., 6.50.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE British Broadcasting Corporation, as is the fate of all monopolists, are the victims of ingratitude. Their virtues are taken for granted: their vices are proclaimed from every housetop. To the advanced, they appear but as a conspiracy for the discouragement of active gestures of thought: by the less progressive, they are accused of stretching fervent tentacles towards the Kremlin, towards Mr. Bertrand Russell, towards every subversive negation of our Byzantine age. One quality would, however, be allowed them by each of their sixteen million critics. It would be generally admitted that the British Broadcasting Corporation are inspired by honest purpose. It may be questioned, perhaps, whether they themselves would be able to define that purpose with any striking unanimity. Sir John Reith (as he informed us when bidding farewell to Savoy Hill) aims the arrows of his desire at building Jerusalem in our dark green island. Other elements in the Corporation—and notably the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education—have a less theological, though no less teleological, conception of their mission. There are, in fact, few denizens of Broadcasting House who do not endeavour, from early morning till quite late at night, to combat evil and to promote the good. As other philosophers have found in the past, the definition of this sublime objective is one upon which even educated people are apt to disagree. The problem, as it presents itself to Broadcasting House, is indeed perplexing. Should this their wide-flung occasion, should this their unchartable responsibility, be employed to stimulate the intelligence or to assuage the soul? To inculcate mental experimentalism, or to fortify moral convention? To cast questions at the future or to hang wreaths of affirmation upon the past? The B.B.C. endeavour, as is, I suppose, inevitable, to hover between two worlds. They endeavour to conciliate the conflicting. They endeavour to steer a middle and not wholly dishonourable course. Yet it is this duality of intention, this insistent and distracting compromise, which throws upon the features of their servants that defensive, that anxious, and that determined look.

* * *

This persistent dilemma has, in the last twelve months, presented itself in a highly inconvenient form. During the course of last summer the Education Council (in the absence of the Director General) approved a series of talks which were grouped under the generic title of "This Changing World." The purpose of this series was to indicate to listeners those alterations which, in the last thirty years, could be observed in our conceptions of politics, sociology, art, and literature. It was soon discovered that the persons who had been selected to discourse upon these topics displayed a general, and, indeed, obstinate, tendency to associate the idea of "change" with the idea of "novelty." It was found, even, that such persons, being egoistically indifferent to the emotions of many million listeners, shared a reckless desire, when asked to describe changes since 1900, to describe changes since 1900. This desire proved painful, not only to wide sections of the public, but to important elements within the Corporation itself. A conflict arose. With infinite tact did the officials of the B.B.C. indicate to the executants of this theme that by the word "change" no unpleasant change had been intended: with conciliatory admonitions did they suggest that all "disturbing" innovations should be excluded from the area under review. They indicated, they suggested, in vain. It must be confessed that the "Changing World Series" developed into something very mutatory indeed. All this was well enough when confined to purely abstract or intellectual subjects. But when Sir William Beveridge began to discourse upon the Family, then the fat, in so far as the Corporation were concerned, was in the fire. Sir William, having a secondary purpose in mind, persisted. He even issued a bright but furtive questionnaire calculated subtly to catch the exhibitionists. He caught 50,000. Of these, 42,000 funked. Yet he succeeded at least in obtaining the written confessions of some eight thousand people. And, my word, how busy the London School of Economics will hereafter be!

* * *

Sir William Beveridge, as I have indicated, is an inconvenient man. In defiance of the dictates of convenience he has published, not only his talks and duologues, but even his questionnaire, in book form. It can be obtained for the price of 3s. 6d. from the publishers (George Allen and Unwin), or from any reputable bookseller. It is a commendable little volume. I confess that I regard it less as a contribution to social biology than as a pertinent challenge to popular science in all its many forms. In so saying, I pass no criticism whatsoever upon Sir William Beveridge and his interlocutors. He wanted to extract from the public certain desirable items of information. For this purpose he was obliged to entice. I make, in his case, no comment upon his gestures of solicitation. They were justified by a noble purpose: I ardently hope that they will achieve their aim. Yet the very real interest which his book has aroused in me comes from no intense preoccupation as to whether Sir William is, or is not, a behaviourist: as to whether he believes, or disbelieves, in heredity versus environment. It comes from a realisation that Sir William Beveridge, in his endeavour to reach the uneducated through a popular medium, has succeeded to an extent which must inspire our pessimists with a suspension of disbelief. The more fastidious among us may squirm at the witticisms regarding tadpoles, alcohol, twins, grandmothers and beer. The more exacting may regret the deliberate, the artificial jocularity of the discussion with Mrs. Adamson. The more analytical may observe that even a man like Doctor Dalton is deluded by the microphone into capers of embarrassing levity. Yet the fact remains that Sir William Beveridge in these talks did achieve his two main purposes. He did induce many complacent people to examine their family life from a scientific rather than from a conventional angle. And he did induce eight thousand men and women to answer questions which were as intimate, as disturbing, and as apparently irrelevant as any passport form. That in itself is no mean achievement. For the starved investigators of the London School of Economics it must be manna indeed.

* * *

The microphone, that prim but seductive instrument, might well become the last infirmity of second-rate minds. Its opportunities are immense; its temptations insidious. Even a man such as Sir William Beveridge, even a front bench figure such as Dr. Dalton, find themselves obliged, when faced by that pendent dental pentagon, to clip the wings of their expression, to make gestures which are not their own. Instinctively they come to prefer the gentle to the ungentle term, the expected to the surprising. Do they gain in quantity what they lose in quality? Does the desire to get their message across justify the suppressions, the reticences, the *alibis*, by which alone that message can be rendered acceptable to the million? I think it does. I doubt whether any reasonable person could read the printed record of these talks without feeling that a certain subterfuge was necessary: without feeling that the end, in this instance, justifies the means. Yet this book furnishes two important warnings. The first is that it is dangerous to discuss very serious subjects upon the wireless. The second is that, in cold print, such discussions seem arid, superficial and insincere.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

COLERIDGE

Unpublished Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by EARL LESLIE GRIGGS. 2 vols. Constable. 37s. 6d.

There is so much reason to be grateful to Mr. Griggs for this wonderful addition to the store of writings by Coleridge that one may well shrink from any adverse comment. My one objection, therefore, I will mention and be done with at once. It is that, having in view a complete edition of all Coleridge's letters, he should have issued these two volumes of "unpublished letters" first and separately. This is said, not from regard for the purchasers of the future edition, but for justice to the memory of Coleridge. Just as Ernest Hartley Coleridge's collection of letters, by leaving out much that was disagreeable, tends to give a too favourable impression of the man, so this, by including the hitherto excluded matter, has far too unfavourable an effect on the mind.

In spite of much that is informative and fascinating, the general picture created by these volumes is profoundly depressing. Coleridge's constant preoccupation with the worrying details of his debts, his increasing insistence on his illnesses and the organic disturbances of his body, and his morbid reactions in moods of self-examination and self-pity receive here even more importance than they had in his life. We must guard against immersing ourselves too completely in the atmosphere of this book lest the spectre of a too miserable, lamentable Coleridge should rise before us, weak, sickly, arrogant, sanctimonious, self-centred. Is this the Coleridge who cultivated "fancy, and the love of nature, and the sense of beauty in forms and sounds," who awakened the genius of William Wordsworth, and whose presence with William and Dorothy at Nether Stowey aroused even in the dull Cottle the feeling that there was "witchery" in the very things they touched? It is well, as we read these letters, to keep in our minds his other writings, and the picture of him as he appeared to the Wordsworths visiting them for the first time in Dorset, the pale, slender, active youth who descended on them like a god and talked with tongue of fire.

We should judge Coleridge's misery in later years by remembering that he was miserable when very young. When he was reaching his best he talked of his glory that was past. In 1803 he wrote to Southey: "I am become a gentle and tranquillized being, but O Southey, I am not the Coleridge which you knew me." But before that, as early as 1797, he had written: "Wordsworth's conversation roused me somewhat; but even now I am not the man I have been—and I think never shall. A sort of calm hopelessness diffuses itself over my heart." And if we go farther back to his earliest manhood it is impossible to find a period when he can have been wholly the Coleridge of his ideals. In his twenty-second year he fled from Cambridge and his debts and madly enlisted as a dragoon. In this unhappy period he writes to his brother George:

> I laugh almost like an insane person when I cast my eye backward on the prospect of my past two years. What a gloomy *Huddle* of eccentric actions, and dim-discovered motives! To real happiness I bade adieu from the moment I received my first "Tutors' Bill"; since that time, since that period, my mind has been irradiated by Bursts only of sunshine, at all other times gloomy with clouds, or turbulent with tempests. Instead of manfully disclosing the disease, I concealed it with a shameful cowardice of sensibility, till it cankered my very Heart. I became a proverb to the University for Idleness. . . . I fled to debauchery; fled pure silent and solitary Anguish to all the uproar of senseless mirth.

In the years between Cambridge and his first intercourse with the Wordsworths he was settling down to minor triumphs as a preacher, moralist and publicist, and endeavouring to reconcile himself to life with a woman whom he never loved and whom he was afterwards to detest. But in the fruitful period of his earliest association with Wordsworth his letters acquire a new buoyancy. Here, relieving the gloom of long disquisitions on his health, we often find expressions of delight at the contemplation of objective beauty in nature or in his subjective response to its influence, and critical comments on the traits that seemed to him exquisite in persons. Walking in Germany, having questioned the possibility of describing in words scenes that demand to be *painted*, he himself makes the attempt:

> I shall never forget that glorious Prospect. Behind me the Hartz Mountains with the snow-spots shining on them; close around us woods upon little Hills, little Hills of an hundred Shapes, a dance of Hills . . . and close by me in a deep dell was a sweet neighborhood of houses with their orchards in blossom.

We may guess that he has already been reading Lessing when he tells us that the "variety of position" of the hills "supplied the effect of, and almost imitated, *motion*." And in Cumberland a little later he records the joy of experience as he lay on an island with the Wordsworths and "saw the woods, and mountains, and lake all trembling, and as it were *idealized* thro' the subtle smoke which rose up from the clear red embers of the fir-apples, which we had collected." Again and again he sings the praises of his son Hartley. He is "all Health and extacy—He is a spirit dancing on an aspen Leaf—unwearied in Joy, from morning to night indefatigably joyous." And he was in the mood to be equally appreciative of his grown-up friends. Lamb he contrasts with all the men "of *mere* talents"—"Lamb every now and then *irradiates*, and the beam, though single and fine as a hair, is yet rich with colours, and I both see and feel it." And of them all at that period, Wordsworth first—"He is a great, a true Poet—I am only a kind of a Metaphysician"—Wordsworth, "the latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to unloose."

A year or two later those same friends were compelled to notice the lamentable changes that were coming over him. Drugs and morbid introspection were getting their hold on him again. And still later, after his return from Malta, when they found him grown gross and heavy, and his face often like a mask, they grieved at the change. He was becoming more than ever pre-occupied in contemplating his bodily ailments, morbidly plaintive about the qualities of his wife, his bursts of still brilliant and inspiring talk alternating with depression, irritability, reproaches and self-pity. And then came the tragic misunderstanding with Wordsworth, the bitterness which Coleridge nursed arising from a careless word repeated by another; and the occasion when Coleridge, returning to Cumberland for the last time, passed through Grasmere without visiting Wordsworth.

> I have received four letters in three days about my not having called on Wordsworth as I passed through Grasmere—and this morning a most impassioned one from Mrs. Clarkson—Good God! How could I? How can I? I have no resentment and unless grief and anguish be resentment I never had—but unless I meet him as of yore what use is there in it?—What but more pain?

After that the lakes were to know him no more. The scene for the next twenty years of this amazing disorderly life is generally in London. There was a period when he seemed utterly abandoned to opium and physical suffering, at variance with most of those whom he had cared for, though Lamb, suffering himself, continued to cherish his friendship. But he did not succumb. He diminished the doses of opium. He sent some money occasionally to his wife. He got through a prodigious amount of miscellaneous writing and lecturing, and continued to be the centre of a circle of admiring listeners. He wrote disgracefully about Hazlitt, in whom he discovered "a wicked Heart of embruted appetites." He sent a letter to Byron so obsequious and almost cringing that we feel his deterioration must have been complete. But it was not. Though "forced," as he said, "in bitterness of soul to turn off from the pursuits of my choice to earn the week's food by the week's labor for the newspapers and the like," he contrived, as the result of his second-best, to produce a body of writing about critical theory with which nothing else in English literature can compare. This book of letters, lamentable as so much of it is, yields treasures of the highest value for the understanding of Coleridge. And Mr. Griggs has done the editing unobtrusively, carefully, displaying exemplary judgment in his explanatory notes.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES.

REVOLUTIONARIES

Rebels and Renegades. By MAX NOMAD. Macmillan. 15s.

Among the eight revolutionary leaders of various nationalities whose careers are ably described by Max Nomad, one alone remains untouched by a modern world. Errico Malatesta survives into our time as a pious relic of that pure anarchism which used to destroy the nerves of governments and give London, as the meeting-place of both international revolutionaries and police, an interest it no longer possesses. When Trotsky was refused hospitality by that one-time advocate of no passport barriers, Ramsay MacDonald, old-fashioned people must surely have thought wistfully of a London with Malatesta in Soho, Stepniak in Hammersmith and Pilsudski on visits to buy machine-

guns. Malatesta is now being allowed to end his days in Italy, censored but unmolested, an august and respected figure of futility. There is nothing old-fashioned about Mr. Nomad, and his comment is simple. Disillusion must come to Malatesta because anarchism, properly considered, "was not a protest for economic equality voiced in behalf of the manual workers." Yet the old man has done something which apparently is extraordinarily difficult. He has kept faith as an anarchist, never having been affected, like so many others, by Syndicalism, Socialism or political opportunism.

In a shifting environment of political development rebels are apt to become renegades and, in a sense, exiles. Malatesta, spiritually intact, has merely changed the place in which to live out his isolation. The others have changed the very nature of their isolation, as happens when men become exiles from their pasts. It happens also when revolutionaries live long enough to see their dreams come true, the reforms for which they fought come into being, or, what is worse, become realities in outward shape yet so distorted in inward significance as to earn their repugnance or repudiation. The one was the experience of Clemenceau before the war gave him other things to do, and the other of Daszyski now that Poland has achieved its freedom. Both these men are mentioned here in passing, but their fate is also that of two others who are given fuller treatment: Trotsky and Scheidemann. It is not for nothing that political leaders are gifted with histrionic temperaments. Such is needed by men who are defeated in a struggle for power no less than by others, like Briand, Mussolini and Ramsay MacDonald, who win, but whose exile is even more remote.

Pilsudski's inclusion here together with such men is due to the author's desire for completeness and also because he likes to point an ironic moral to stories of rebels who have become state dignitaries and despots. But Pilsudski's activities, once centred in the promotion of terrorist acts and strikes instigated by his Socialist party, were concerned with a national and not a social revolution. It is his early association with political theorists rather than his interest in political theories which contrast so oddly with his present military dictatorship. His early associates were aware of his Napoleonic obsession, but they miscalculated its effects. Mr. Nomad's account of him is marred by underestimations, such as of his military exploits, and omissions, such as of his victory over the Social Democrats, and does not explain Pilsudski's continued hold over the imagination of his countrymen.

We used to smile at the story of how polite Americans began a dinner-table conversation with M. Caillaux when on an official visit to the United States a few years ago by asking: "*Comment va M. Clemenceau?*" If William Z. Foster came here we are just as likely to ask him for stories of Mr. Gompers. We turn, therefore, with much interest to the chapter on Foster as a representative revolutionary in the author's own country. Foster's career, like the others, includes episodes which he would forget if his opponents would allow him. Compared with the difficulties which beset syndicalists in Europe those of Foster were similar in kind, but different in degree. This can be no matter for surprise in a country which sometimes lynches its extremists and sentences them to twenty years' imprisonment. Owing to dissensions Foster's more recent efforts as a communist *pur sang* have not met with the success which formerly was lacking when he was a disgruntled member of the Industrial Workers of the World. This syndicalist body, he found, was unable to maintain revolutionary methods together with mass organisation, and it failed to attract skilled workers, between whom and the unskilled there exists in America the widest gulf. Foster's alternative, a policy of "boring from within" orthodox Trade Unions, presently led him into the fold of the American Federation of Labour and into the arms of Mr. Gompers, who welcomed him as "an erring brother." After the war he fared no better when, breaking away from such humiliations, he vainly organised the stockyard workers and an unauthorised strike among steel-workers, which was crushed with the aid of imported negro labour and 25,000 armed men. But he had become famous, a "headliner" about whom a newspaper could say that "the best remedy for that bird would be one of those old-fashioned hangings." Mr. Nomad suggests "that behind the war-mask of this orthodox communist . . . there is hidden a very sad and disappointed man." Events have moved in the United States since this book was written, and, in any case, who can say that the defeat of any revolutionary is final?

NEW NOVELS

Coloured Dome. By FRANCIS STUART. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
Philip Glenn. By MAX MOUR. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.
Ballarina. By ELEANOR SMITH. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
Envoy Extraordinary. By ARCHIBALD LYALL. Harmsworth. 7s. 6d.
Secret Lives. By E. F. BENSON. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
Bred in the Bone. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
Death Under Sail. By C. P. SNOW. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Francis Stuart showed in *Pigeon Irish* that he has the rare gift of writing from the inside out, and yet making his observed facts as real and revealing as his imagined truths. There are novelists—almost all the others in our list by nature belong to this commoner category—whose imagination only works, if it work at all, at the impetus of observation and recollection. For Mr. Stuart, his thoughts, his dreams, his fancies, control and colour his outlook on this sensuous world, so that his people have a higher than a merely observed reality: they live in and by themselves, apart from their author's opinion of them. *Coloured Dome*, in spite of its fine beginning and the careful subtlety shown in the portrayal of Garry Delea, has not the purity or easy control of *Pigeon Irish*. It is a story of the undefeated rebel in the Irish soul which, when all else is conquered, will turn against itself rather than have no contest; but here Mr. Stuart has sullied the singleness of his tale by satire and an occasional lapse into a sentimentality, none the less painful because it is sullen and defiant. Garry is an obscure soldier in the Republican cause, the cause led by a strange, hidden chief, Tullolagh McCoolagh. Tullolagh, unknown to the rebels she leads, is a woman, a young widow who leaves her home only occasionally to put fresh heart into the rebels in Dublin. She has to choose hostages for deliverance to the Government, and she chooses two well-known generals of her army, herself and Garry, expecting that she and Garry will be executed. Mr. Stuart renders with rare poetic power the tingling atmosphere of recklessness and exultation which surrounds these desperate idealists: nor is he less successful in his picture of the background of cheap café and dirty public-house against which the protagonists speak and move towards a high and untoward destiny. It is with the introduction of the Government Ministers and the prison officials that confusion seems to come into the story, a confusion which unfortunately overwhelms as well the lives of Tullolagh and Garry Delea. Mr. Stuart does not himself seem to know what they would be at, nor what he would make of it, unless he simply desires to illustrate by example the pitiful

"BP"
PLUS
Plus what?
Plus a little something some others haven't got

confusion of these way-losing lives. For Gany's return to the prison, in a passionate desire for self-immolation, remains as obscure to us as to his warders, for he does not seem to know on what altar or to what god he is making his sacrifice. Mr. Stuart writes here under the influence of Dostoevsky, but he has been spare in his story to make us accept its mystical content. There remain, however, many memorable people and some writing as clear and lovely as was the writing in *Pigeon Irish*:

> Momentarily he lost all his impatience and eagerness of the last twenty-four hours. Behind the cycle of the clock-face with each hour symbolising an appointment to a party, to an assignation, to choose a race-horse, to have a drink, was another cycle. The interior cycle of the seasons that turned on with an unlingering, unhurrying persistence. He understood at that moment that their duration was not linked to the outward passage of time. He thought it was dependent upon how quickly one accepted, gave oneself up to the embrace of each. And, unlike the outward cycle of time, this inner flow was not a mere endless repetition. It turned toward some resting point. There was some sign of the interior zodiac at which it stopped. And at that dark moment in the inner quiet Garry Delea knew that if he remained steadfast he was not far from that secret god. That the happiness he had thought lost for ever was nearer than it had ever been before. But to remain steadfast to what? The seasons changed in the heart and nothing remained but tenderness and pity. And a deep humility.

Dedicated to D. H. Lawrence, Max Mohr's novel is a thin, chattering comment on the most derivative and hysterical element of Lawrence's creed, his love of comrades. Even in Whitman, from whom Lawrence borrowed it, the calamus doctrine is rather hysterical; in Lawrence and in Max Mohr it is nothing else. These men who fight, and bite each other, and spit in the face, and brawl; are tedious folk. Mohr has a gift for caricature, and a pleasant descriptive talent; but he was not intended, to judge from this book, to dabble with the profundities of the mind or the spirit. His melodrama creaks, and his tragic scenes are farcical or commonplace, though there are indications in his book of a rough humour that might be happily applied to the writing of domestic comedy. Lady Eleanor Smith's *Ballerina* is the life-story of a great dancer. The book opens in 1845, and Lady Eleanor unfortunately raises recollections of the great Victorians, even of Dickens. She has a small talent of her own for simple characterisation and direct narrative, and the natural progress of her dancer's life provides her with plenty of occasion for variety of incident and change of scene. Her Lina—who becomes Varsovina, is a credible enough person; but Lady Eleanor is content with a very superficial analysis of the artiste type—her book has none of the bitter knowledge and deadly accuracy of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's *Tante*. It belongs rather to the adventure school of fiction, the vagabond novel, to which recruits are very welcome. Indeed, it is the kind of novel Mr. Lyall ought to be writing, instead of making patterns in the dust once blown here by Mr. Norman Douglas's *South Wind*. Novels of this kind get Waughrmer and Waughrmer, but there is less and less brilliance with each new example. If the young wish to be devastatingly satirical they should borrow Mr. E. F. Benson's recipe. He never gets hot himself, nor are his hands damp as he describes his frols and fribbles. *Secret Lives* is rather broad in its effects, and occasionally Mr. Benson rushes away from his road to dig up and exhibit some rich but irrelevant bone; but the farcical satire of these people in a London Square, Mrs. Montrip, Mrs. Coulchin, Lady Eva Lowndes, Jimmy Mason and Susan Leg is really laughable, and not quite so acid as in some of Mr. Benson's recent tales. He is extravagant, but no extravagance can be excessive in portraying the character of Rudolph Da Vinci, alias Miss Leg—and even now Mr. Benson's Susan, in her splendid, satisfied fatuity, hardly equals her great original; for it is evident that Da Vinci, author of *Apples of Sodom*, has a close relation in the author of *The Sorrows of Satan*.

Mr. Phillpotts' *Bred in the Bone*—why does Mr. Phillpotts allow his publishers to disfigure his book by a hideous blue stamp on the title-page?—is the first of a trilogy; and it will be easier to estimate its position among Mr. Phillpotts' Dartmoor stories when we have the other two volumes. In this too much space is given up to the Scotland Yard detective and his investigations; for *Bred in the Bone* is a study in character rather than crime. The motive for Avis's murder—for hers is the will and the mind—of her rejected suitor is not adequate; yet Mr. Phillpotts does in a sense rouse our sympathy for her, and our pity for her ghost-haunted husband. Mr. Snow's story is a straight detective story farsed, as is the modern method, by some hard character-drawing, a little farce and some very tedious humour. There is ingenuity in the book, and after the first three chapters Mr. Snow's style improves: but his story would have been better had all his characters been men—rarely even in detective fiction have quite such unlikely feminine marionettes pirouetted for our incredulity.

"PARTICIPATIONS"

Theatre and Friendship: Some Henry James Letters, with a Commentary by ELIZABETH ROBINS. Cape. 10s. 6d.

These letters recall to me one of the most remarkable adventures of the romantic 'nineties. That was the creation of Ibsen upon the London stage. I see again the wonderful actress who produced for us Hedda Gabler, Rebecca West, and Hilda Wangel. There were other characters, but those three were the greatest triumphs of Elizabeth Robins when she took courage to produce Ibsen as she saw him herself, without other management or direction. I have seen all the greatest actresses of the last fifty years, but none of them has produced upon my mind and emotion such an overwhelming effect as Elizabeth Robins in those three parts. In coming out from *The Master Builder*, in which she played Hilda Wangel, I did not realise the London street. I could not speak to the friends with me, or even recognise them. I was "translated," and continued to see only that beautiful and demonic figure, who little by little had allured Halvard Solness from the common aims of common life into the regions of passionate and eternal beauty. Those great adventures, which raised her to the highest rank upon our stage, are the main subjects of the present letters, together with the commentary or explanation which Miss Robins herself has added.

The letters are, as she says, "the light-running, long-continued record of an unusual type of friendship."

> I know of nothing that shows clearer Mr. James's genius for "sharing" or his power of unstinted service—not the least part being a criticism sensitive, shrewd, humorous, and, behind all, an exquisite kindness derived straight from that period of his most passionate preoccupation with the stage.

Certainly, it was an unusual type of friendship—between a man of fifty, already famous in literature, and a young and beautiful woman of genius, suddenly rising to fame. Her letters are not published, but here we have a selection from some 150 letters of Henry James, advising, criticising, applauding, and nearly all of them dealing with her productions of Ibsen—"the damned old Norseman, the plundering pirate and Berserker," as he once calls him. For Henry James was hostile to Ibsen's subjects and methods until Janet Achurch in *A Doll's House* and Elizabeth Robins, in partnership with Marion Lea, revealed the strange power of the plays, and the opportunities they gave to fresh and daring actors. The abuse then poured upon the "Obscenities of Ibsen" by the dominant critics of the time, such as Clement Scott of the *Daily Telegraph*, may be recalled as one of the curiosities of literature. In her small book, *Ibsen and the Actress*, Miss Elizabeth Robins some four years ago told the history of her struggle. She triumphed over all who had a sense of the theatre and a perception of real life, but her triumph over the hostility of Henry James was her greatest conquest.

He was not one to "listen with a foolish face of praise." Always kindly to young genius, he was watchful and stringent in criticism. Perhaps he was most critical over her Hilda Wangel. After reading the first two acts of *The Master Builder*, and waiting in great excitement for the third (as all were waiting), he wrote to Mrs. Hugh Bell (Lady Bell, stepmother of Gertrude Bell):

> It is all most strange, most curious, most vague, most horrid, most "middle-classy" in the peculiar ugly Ibsen sense—and alas, most unpromising for Miss Elizabeth or for any *woman*.

Most strongly he objected to the dress in which Hilda appeared when, as the younger generation, she entered in the costume now familiar to ramblers—short skirts, battered hat, a rucksack, and a long pole. "Throw yourself into the dressmaker's arms. Be pretty, be agreeable," he cried. "The sole change I offered him," the woman of genius replied, "was the addition of hob-nailed boots."

Of course she overcame him, as she overcame us all. "It enlarges delightfully one's vision of your powers," he wrote:

> The freshness, the brilliancy, the variety, the intelligence and power and charm of your creation there was but one voice yesterday to recognize, as there is but one result of it all for you to look for—the biggest lift to your professional position.

And then, almost suddenly, with the London stage open before her, and fame at her feet, she left the theatre for the Arctic Circle. She left the drama for fiction. She left without later regrets, returning only in her gallant little play, *Votes for Women*, in defence of the Militant Suffragettes (and even to that she conquered her friend's inherent objection). But he also felt tired of the stage, and returned to his novel writing, though he had hoped much from his dramas. The whole story is one of the strangest episodes in our literature—the story of complete "participation" and literary comradeship, taking the form of "an unusual type of friendship." I suppose it to be a record unique in personal and theatrical interest.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

THE APPROACH TO THE SAVAGE

At Home with the Savage. By J. H. DRIBERG. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

Until recently anthropology was rather vaguely connected in the minds of those who heard the word with the study of bones and folklore. This was due very largely to the fact that the pioneers in anthropology were either concerned with the study of man as an animal or with gathering together the often fragmentary accounts of the customs of uncivilised peoples in an endeavour to deduce from them something of the early history of human institutions. During the last two decades, however, a new approach has been made to the subject. The search for the origins of customs and institutions has largely given place to a search for their function in preserving the cohesion and well-being of society. This new approach has shown that anthropology may be a subject of great practical value, and for this reason those engaged in governing or teaching "native" peoples have become increasingly interested in it. But hitherto they have often been disheartened for lack of introductory books which treat the subject in a way helpful to them in their daily work. For what they need is less a familiarity with facts than the attitude of mind which will enable them to see those facts in their significant relationship. In his book, *At Home with the Savage*, Mr. Driberg has set out to supply this need. As one who has himself experienced the difficulties of a government officer in Africa, and as a theoretical student of the subject, he is alive to the potential value of applied anthropology, and is able to present it in a manner intelligible and helpful to the non-specialist. It is clear that throughout this book he takes his inspiration from the writings of Professor Malinowski, and attempts to give a general functional account of the organisation, customs and and beliefs of the simpler peoples. In large measure the attempt is a successful one, but Mr. Driberg was faced with the difficulty which faces every writer of an introductory work on anthropology—the difficulty of keeping himself within the limits of a single volume, while yet avoiding the offence of making sweeping generalisations or presenting only a fragment of the whole picture.

Unfortunately he has not altogether succeeded in surmounting this difficulty. As the title of the book implies, and as the plates with which it is illustrated suggest, Mr. Driberg purports to treat of so-called primitive peoples the world over. Actually, however, the author's interests are almost wholly restricted to Africa. It is true that he does not infrequently refer to other parts of the globe, such as North America and Australasia, but the nature of these references show him to have only a superficial, and not always accurate, knowledge of the cultures of these regions. Had he restricted himself to writing about the peoples of Africa Mr. Driberg would not so easily have laid himself open to the charge of having made a number of generalisations which are in fact valid only for certain tribes or regions. Such generalisations are unfortunate, especially, perhaps, because we are all too prone to forget that our culture differs little more from, say, that of the West African than does his from that of the Melanesian or American Indian. Another drawback from which the book suffers is Mr. Driberg's tendency to use technical terms without defining them. Thus he refers constantly to the "clan" but does not explain until Chapter IX what is meant by this word; he makes mention of the "extended family" but never states clearly whether it is a unilateral group or no; and his definition of totemism is both belated and somewhat obscure. The value of the book is further limited by its arrangement, for, apart from the first few chapters, the train of thought is too often broken or not sufficiently lucid. For example, the subjects of tribal government and law, which would seem to be closely allied, are separated by five chapters dealing with other aspects of culture; and a brief analysis of the primitive conception of marriage is included after the author has finished describing and discussing the family and the clan, of both of which institutions marriage is the foundation. Doubtless Mr. Driberg had a reason for arranging his book as he did, but this seeming lack of logical sequence of thought is confusing to the reader. One other shortcoming must be mentioned. In his opening chapters the author states that he intends to consider the function of customs and institutions. But the glamour of the historical or "evolutionary" school of anthropology falls upon him, and though function is never wholly forgotten it often recedes into the background. This is particularly marked in the chapters entitled "The Clan" and "The Tribe." That any intelligent person should be interested in the history of institutions is inevitable, and we do not grudge this interest to Mr. Driberg, but it is important to recognise when we are dealing with facts and when with hypotheses, and this he has not always done. Often he dogmatises where he should only have suggested. Perhaps the most startling example of unwarranted dogmatism is to be found in his confident statement that totemism originated in "those early days when . . . there was not the same line of cleavage between sentient human beings and the rest of the animal world" as there is to-day, this being evinced by the animal stories which have come down to and still flourish among us. This is at best a possible hypothesis; to dogmatise about such matters is to be guilty of a grave scientific offence. But the book should prove valuable in stimulating interest in anthropology as a science capable of serving practical ends, and in taking the blinkers from our eyes so that we may see the uncivilised peoples of the world for what they are—human beings faced with the same fundamental problems of how to satisfy their primary biological needs that we are faced with, and solving these problems in their own more or less satisfactory ways.

C. H. W.

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Translated by E. L. VOYNICH

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A. H. FOX STRANGWAYS in the *Observer*:—

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44, GREAT RUSSELL ST., W.C.1

LABOUR IN THE U.S.A.

The Labour Problem in the United States. By E. E. CUMMINS. Macmillan. 18s.

Essays in Honour of Mr. Justice Brandeis. Edited by F. FRANKFURTER. Milford. 16s. 6d.

Every English student of American affairs will be grateful for Professor Cummins' book. In sober academic fashion, he sets out what is rapidly becoming the gravest labour problem in the modern world. He knows amply both the facts and the immense literature involved. He holds the balance fairly between the parties. Not least, though he is writing a text-book he manages to avoid that dullness which is the usual graveyard of text-book writers.

What emerges from his comprehensive survey? Above all, I think, the fact that the relation between capital and labour in the United States is essentially one of war. Its results have not been obvious partly because the comparative strength of the parties has been so disproportionate, and partly because the relative prosperity of America has, thus far, made any final test of strength avoidable. But it is clear that none of the techniques so far developed by American capitalism in its effort to maintain its predominance offers the least prospect of satisfying the workers. Company Unions, welfare work, profit-sharing, employee-representation, workers' stock-ownership and the rest, all the classic expedients are surveyed with care and insight by Professor Cummins, and no one can rise from the consideration of his facts without seeing how little they touch the heart of the matter. His description of the anti-Union tactics of the employers is, for all its soberness, a formidable indictment. No doubt there are grave criticisms to be levelled against the American Trade Unions. They are, for the most part, built upon a narrow craft-spirit. They usually lack anything remotely resembling a social philosophy. Their leadership is rarely creative and frequently dishonourable. They are terribly weak through racial and national differences. They run easily to those habits of violence which are futile save on the eve of a successful revolution. There is too little sense among them of working-class solidarity; and there is, as yet, hardly any sense of the need for that political expression without which no trade unions can really make their impact upon social life. But Professor Cummins is clearly right in his insistence that conflict is inherent in the relationship of capital and labour in America and that it is unavoidable until the problems of an egalitarian society are seriously faced.

It was a happy thought of Professor Frankfurter's to celebrate the seventy-fifth birthday of Mr. Justice Brandeis by collecting these interesting essays published in his honour. Now that Mr. Justice Holmes has retired, Mr. Justice Brandeis is the outstanding figure in American judicial life, and there is a sense in which, Holmes again apart, he may be regarded as the most significant judge who has sat upon the Supreme Court since the epoch of Marshall and Story. The reader of these illuminating papers will easily understand why. It is not merely that Mr. Justice Brandeis has all the traditional qualities of the great judge. Even more, it is because he is a great statesman who has realised that a turning-point has been reached in American economic development, and seeks to adjust the classic institutions of America to new needs. Politically, his philosophy is akin to that socialised liberalism of which, in this country, the late Professor Hobhouse was the most distinguished exponent. He favours wide construction, the experimental temper, the subordination of the rights of property to the general welfare. But what is particularly impressive in his work is the equipment he brings to it. He has realised that the great judge to-day must be more than a lawyer. He needs to be fully abreast of the implications of economic change. He must grasp the political implications of a period in which the crude prohibitions of a *laisser-faire* epoch must be transmuted into the creative permissions of the positive state. He must have the power to safeguard himself against the danger—always inherent in the judicial office—of translating his private prejudices into legal principle. He must recognise the need for growth. All these qualities Mr. Justice Brandeis has displayed in generous measure. He is, as Professor Frankfurter here says, "a great and abiding figure of the world's most powerful court," because he is "mindful of the limited range of human foresight" and is led "to practise humility in attempting to preclude the freedom of action of those who are to follow." Mr. Justice Holmes remarks, in a characteristic preface, that Brandeis has always "taken life in a high way." The observer of American civilisation can hardly learn to understand its prospects better than by adventuring into the paths along which this important volume will take him.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

FEAR

The Powers of Light. By NAOMI MITCHISON. With Illustrations by ERIC KENNINGTON. Pharos Editions. 5s.

The Powers of Light is a fairy-tale about the prehistoric men who painted beasts in the Pyrenean caves. Naomi Mitchison's hero, the Surprised One, is a cave-painter; and her heroine has magic hair which generates sparks for the tribe in winter-time. The talents of both these people are twisted by the tribe for its own purposes, and when Fire Head and the Surprised One break the rules and ignore the patterns they are beaten and cast out to fend for themselves. So there follows a tale of hunger and fear and inarticulate groping, etched with cruel, brief strokes against a background vague, mysterious and terrible. The excitement of the two when, after pitiful wanderings, they discover a strange encampment with cliff carvings, is contagious; the valley lies invitingly below with its fires and flowers, the strangers are unafraid and there is plenty of fat meat. But it is difficult to believe in the prosaic happy-ever-after ending. A morality based on fear has set its mark too deeply on the book; it seems unlikely that Nemesis could be so easily balked. If Mrs. Mitchison had deserted her couple at the top of the cliffs, whence they first admire the land of the Powers of Light, and left what follows to imagination, it would be easier to feel sure that tortured hero and indignant heroine had reached safety.

The Powers of Light is certainly not the kind of story in which primitives themselves might take pleasure; it is modern and bleak; shorn of heroes, benevolent animals and comfortable repetitions, it exposes with staccato fidelity the lines of desperate need and chastened hope. The glory in it comes, by the way, in the intensity with which things are seen, in the very briefness of the incomplete joys of the flesh. Although there is a hint of the ecstasy of the artist who is surprised at animals and purges himself by drawing them, the easier moods of the tribe, its joy in the dance, its daily interests and its fireside boasting, are omitted or drained of vitality. This is partly because Fire Head and the Surprised One are exceptional people, whose originality brings them into conflict with their group; it is also, I think, because, instead of attempting a picture of primitive life in the round, Mrs. Mitchison has chosen to write an allegory of the mind in its conflict with primitive emotion and with the difficulty of thought. The struggle for words and concepts in an alien world, and the struggle against hunger and pain, are the two threads on which her narrative is strung.

The drawings by Mr. Eric Kennington are a brilliant combination of ancient symbols with modern ones.

HONEST CASANOVA

My Life and Adventures. By CASANOVA. Translated by ARTHUR MACHEN. Joiner and Steele. 8s. 6d.

In Mr. Machen's masterly translation this edition of the *Memoires* (about a third of the original) should become a popular classic. It is surprising that the book should not have emerged before from the obscurity of the rubber-shop and the "rare" expensive edition. How readable it is, and with the technicalities of the Chevalier's art removed, what a waste of time to be shocked! There is no better hero for an autobiography than the successful adventurer, the fox in the lion's skin, and as a literary figure he improves with keeping. Frank Harris may perhaps become the type of twentieth-century adventurer for readers a hundred years hence: now we can only see his faults; he is attacked for being such a liar. But who minds whether Casanova was a liar or not? He wrote an amazingly good book (from which severe pruning has now removed the *longueurs* as well as the more direct indecency), and there is an end of it.

Apart from his vitality, the exuberance of adventure and intrigue, there is an open-handed, even an honest attraction about Casanova. One cannot but admire a man who pursued

women with his singleness of purpose, and whose pursuit was attended by such graces and personal bravura. Despite his treacheries, he did not fawn on success. His social career (if we are to believe him) was impudently hacked out by himself. Like all adventurers, he "used" an important acquaintance when he could, but was quite capable of dropping him or offering a deadly insult afterwards. He kept his independence. Thus when, with Madame D'Urfé, he visited Rousseau, he merely notes: "We found him to be a man of a simple and modest demeanour, who talked well, but who was not otherwise distinguished either intellectually or physically"; he was decorated by the Pope with the order of the Golden Spur, but refused a post from Frederick II. In his account of himself he does not alienate the reader by obvious excuse or commendation. The book, no doubt, is a monument of self-glorification, but it is never smug; his chief attraction is indeed an airy aplomb and a sly acceptance of fantastically disreputable circumstances.

In the admirable essay which prefaces this edition, Mr. Machen points to Casanova's description of his imprisonment in "The Leads" at Venice as the masterpiece of the book. But the early description of his journey as a boy along the waterways of Venice, and the account (a hundred pages or more) of his stay in England, are as good. The incidental picture he gives of London equals anything we have of that time. His acceptance of the English character is delightful:

> I sat down [in a coffee-house], and not understanding English, passed my time in gazing at the goers and comers. I had been there some time when my attention was attracted by the voice of a man speaking as follows in French:
>
> "*Tommy* has committed suicide, and he was right, for he was in such a state that he could only expect unhappiness for the rest of his life."
>
> "You are quite mistaken," said the other, with the greatest composure. "I was one of his creditors myself, and on making an inventory of his effects I feel satisfied that he has done a very foolish and a very childish thing; he might have lived on, and not killed himself for fully six months."

SHORTER NOTICES

The Indian Horizon. By the MAHARAJA OF BURDWAN. Benn. 3s. 6d.

The Indian Round Table Conference and After. By D. MADAHAVA RAO. Heath Cranton. 2s. 6d.

Here are two more books on the Indian political situation, both written by Indians who are keen opponents of the Congress Party and all its works. The Maharaja of Burdwan is a skilled politician, who has spent many years in public life, and this little book is the result of a lecture tour in America, where he found "an extraordinary apathy at first towards the subjects of my lectures," but seems ultimately to have found sympathetic audiences for his rather conservative views, and his appreciation of British difficulties. To those who know Bengal the Maharaja's views are rather discounted by the fact that he is a very great landlord in a country where landlords have done little to justify their wealth, and that his own predecessors invented a form of tenancy which is peculiarly unsatisfactory to the tenant. Still, these lectures are level-headed enough, and may have done some good in a country which will swallow almost anything about India, and is mainly "keen on Indian spiritualism and astrology, and taking what may be described as a childish interest in Mr. Gandhi and his goats." Most people interested in Indian politics will have met Mr. Madahava Rao, the very able correspondent of the *Morning Post*. His book is disappointing. He deals largely with events of the last two years, but his chronology is so confused that his work would be misleading to anyone who has not followed those events carefully. He also exaggerates the opposition of the Indian Princes to the Sankey scheme of federation, and few people were in a better position than the author himself to know the real meaning of the "Patiala revolt," and all the personalities and puerilities which inspired it.

Berkeley's American Sojourn. By BENJAMIN RAND. Oxford University Press. 2 dollars.

This monograph throws new light on the romantic project for the "Christian civilisation of America" which was exciting the intellectual world of London just about two hundred years ago, and of which the Irish philosopher, Berkeley, was the originator. The philosopher, after collecting a good sum of money for a University in Bermuda, went not to Bermuda, but to Rhode Island, where he lived in the air of delightful studies, but founded no mission; the episode has always been wrapped in some mystery. Dr. Rand has now discovered some letters

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from one Newman, who was Librarian at Harvard in 1730, which show that Berkeley had had offers of lands in Massachusetts, from which he could have supplied his College in Bermuda with provisions. Rumours, however, reached London that a change in the location of the College was intended, and this discredited the whole enterprise. In the end the money promised by Walpole was not forthcoming, and Berkeley, after producing a book of philosophy on American soil, returned to England. Another discovery made by Dr. Rand relates to a visit which Berkeley paid to Harvard in 1731. He judges that Berkeley left enduring traces in America; even art was served, for one of the missionary entourage was the painter Smibert (not surely a "royal academician," for there was then no R.A.), whose portrait of Berkeley (with a biographical note, full of errors, underneath) now hangs in the National Portrait Gallery.

A Tower of Skulls: A Journey through Persia and Turkish Armenia. By Gerald Reitlinger. Duckworth. 18s.

Outbursts of old-fashioned facetiousness and a certain grisly jauntiness of tone are to be deplored in this otherwise delightful book. During the winter of 1930-31 Mr. Reitlinger left Persepolis, where he had been digging, and made his way east to Ispahan and beyond, turning southwards, past Shiraz, then north to the shores of the Caspian Sea. Particularly good is his picture of the Caspian landscape; from Persia he crossed into Turkish Armenia, and it was here that, being suspected of espionage, he underwent some of his least enviable adventures. His interests were primarily archæological; he was able to photograph many Sassanid rock reliefs, while the best illustration in his book shows the extraordinary statue of King Shapur the Great, which lies in a mountain cavern near Kazerun. Allowing for the defects already mentioned, Mr. Reitlinger's style is vivid and to the point. *A Tower of Skulls* is additionally interesting since it deals with a little-known stretch of country.

Fifty Years: Memories and Contrasts, 1882-1932. By twenty-seven contributors to the *Times*. With a foreword by G. M. Trevelyan. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

These twenty-seven articles, reprinted from the *Times*, form "a composite picture of the period 1882-1932." Many of the contributors have taken the opportunity of going back fifty years and staying there, with a Sir-Walter-Gilbey-in-Rotten-Row glance at later developments. Others have recorded change. Rather surprisingly, the aeroplane is nowhere mentioned, though there is a photograph of balloons at Ranelagh. Transport, indeed, has been neglected altogether, though it is one of the chief causes, or symptoms, of the "hurry of modern life" to which most of these writers refer. Otherwise, it is an inclusive and entertaining record. More than a hundred photographs point the social change. At 7s. 6d. the book is amazingly cheap.

Ralegh's Last Voyage. Edited, with an introduction by V. T. Harlow. Argonaut Press. 30s.

The story of Sir Walter Ralegh's last voyage must always have a peculiar and tragic interest of its own, since it ended with that famous scene on the scaffold in Palace Yard and the gallant death of one of the ablest and most versatile Englishmen that ever lived. Mr. Harlow has performed a great service in collecting together not only the well-known English versions of the story, but also a number of Spanish narratives which had never been published before. Thus we get both sides of the picture, and are able to form our own conclusions from contemporary evidence, as to what really happened among the fever-stricken swamps of the Orinoco in the early part of 1618, when Englishmen and Spaniards fought to the death for the possession of territory which is now seen to be of small economic value. Mr. Harlow thinks that Ralegh really believed in his gold mine; and, further, that King James was in the plot with him to get French assistance, so that Frenchmen might do the actual fighting, and a breach between London and Madrid be thus avoided; but he also thinks that Ralegh was secretly resolved to force James into an open quarrel with Spain. He argues lengthily, learnedly, and persuasively, and leaves the reader with a satisfactory feeling of having heard the last word on a question of extraordinary interest to Englishmen. King James's very natural exasperation is excused, but not his miserable surrender to Spain and his offer to send Ralegh to Madrid for execution. The dramatic interest of the story is well brought out: the author has a command of nervous, vivid English which many more popular writers might envy.

Ireland and Irishmen in the French Revolution. By Richard Hayes. Benn. 21s.

When the Revolution broke out there were in the military service of France thousands of Irishmen, descendants of the refugees from the Cromwellian and Orange dispersals, or more recent recruits to the regiments led by famous Franco-Irish Generals. In the Irish Colleges established to give the religious instruction denied in Ireland there were hundreds of young Irishmen, and in the Gallican Church many Priests of Irish birth or descent. It is the story of these men, under the stress of divided allegiances—to the Royal House, to the land of their adoption, to the heady call of liberty, to the faith and Church of their fathers—that Mr. Hayes' essays tell us from such records of individual adventure that remain. It was an Irishman, the Abbé Edgeworth, who dared to stand beside Louis XVI. on the scaffold. There were Dillons among the most brilliant of the Revolutionary soldiers and among the most devoted of Royalist rebels. Traitors and blackguards there were; but on the whole it is a gallant tale that Mr. Hayes has to tell, and one of which Irishmen may well be proud.

About Motoring

1933 ROVER CARS

THE Rover Company offer seven models for 1933; family and "special" models rated at 10 h.p. with either three or four speeds; a standard and a speed model rated at 14 h.p.; and three larger machines identified by the name of "Meteor," of which one is taxed at £16, one at £20, and the third is a speed type. All the chassis have undergone rather radical revision because the directors have modernised their transmission system by incorporating a freewheel device. No conscientious engineer can graft a freewheel on to an existing design, and leave it at that. He must take two consequences of the change into account. The first is the chance of an increased demand on the brakes, which in the hands of a stupid driver may have to stop the car quickly in emergencies without the aid of the engine. The second is the rather irritating difference in the feel of a car when it is coasting on the freewheel and when it is running with the engine coupled to the rear wheels. If this difference is too pronounced—it can never be wholly eliminated—the owner will probably develop a dislike for the freewheel, which thus puts him out of patience with his engine; or he will leap to the conclusion that his engine is unnecessarily rough. Neither problem has been shirked by the Rover engineers. They have stiffened up their braking system most admirably, and they have introduced a new engine mounting which minimises the contrast between the two sensations of travelling by gravity and being propelled by an explosion engine. The freewheel is actually controlled by a sizeable knob on the right-hand side of the instrument board. If this knob is turned a few degrees left, a standard fixed transmission is provided; when the knob is rotated slightly to the right, the freewheel comes into action, and all gear changes are robbed of difficulty, a change from 3rd to 4th at 40 m.p.h. being silent, automatic and instantaneous. Moreover, since the second and third gears of the four-speed boxes are of the constant-mesh type, high speed can be used on these ratios with very little more gear noise than is generated on the direct drive. Simultaneously the car can be coasted noiselessly on all grades which are steep enough to keep the car moving at a desired speed without being so severe as to create any anxiety about a quick stop in sudden emergencies. The engines are now flexibly mounted, so that even with the four-cylinder power unit vibration is not perceptibly communicated to chassis, body or occupants when the engine is disconnected and unsteadied by a load. Other details of lesser interest figure in the new specifications. The ignition is automatically advanced and retarded by suction mechanism. The Lucas patent Startix device is fitted, by which operation of the ignition switch automatically sets the engine in motion, and if the engine accidentally stops (e.g. in traffic) it will be automatically restarted. This clever device will figure on many 1933 cars, and is a real asset with a quiet six-cylinder engine. Such units run so unostentatiously at low speeds that the driver can neither hear nor feel them, and may consequently get into occasional trouble in heavy traffic through his car's failure to make the expected response to his actions. Driving a 1930 car of this type, I frequently cast an anxious glance at my oil gauge to ascertain whether the inaudible engine is actually running or not; with a Startix device it must always run when the switch is in the correct position.

Amongst other technical items of interest, the piston stands high. The research laboratory has been working hard at the problem of rapid cylinder wear, which ordinarily produces a high oil consumption in the second or third year of a car's life. The new Rover pistons have four rings, two serving as compression seals, and two as oil scrapers. Thanks to the double scraper, the supply of lubricant to the cylinder walls can be considerably increased without undue carboning or heavy consumption; and enhanced cylinder life is confidently anticipated. Cynics are prone to say that manufacturers rather like heavy cylinder wear, as when

An "appreciative adherent of BARNEYS" adds *his* "quota of thankfulness at finding the Ideal smoke."

"Little *may* remain unsaid" by appreciative smokers in praise of Barneys. Yet the continued receipt of smokers' letters, in some cases from men who have been trying for years to find the "right" tobacco, all helps to confirm the claims we have put forward.

Barneys, a North Country tobacco with only a North Country sale less than twenty years ago, is now famed throughout the English-speaking World—very largely as the result of what smokers *themselves* have said, and written, about their favourite. We publish gratefully, from a London smoker, this latest tribute to Barneys fame:—

(Original letter may be inspected at the address beneath.)

"I am afraid that by now, there remains very little "left unsaid in praise of your delightful Barneys "mixture, ***but as an appreciative adherent, may I "add my quota of thankfulness at having found, to "my mind, the ideal smoke."***

"On holiday in August, 1920, I tried the first tin, and "since then, like the tramp, 'I have used no other.' "Nor so long as Barneys retains its mellow, satisfying "perfection, shall I wish to."

"Mellow, satisfying perfection." Nothing *we* might say of Barneys could excel the cameo-precision of this enthusiast's own comment. . . . Maybe, after trial, *your* experience will be like his!

Hiss-ss!

All three Barneys strengths are packed in the "EVERFRESH" wonder Tin, which ensures *factory-freshness* for smokers everywhere.

Until you break the vacuum seal by pulling the Rubber Tab, the "EVERFRESH" Tin is *atmospherically* sealed; and the Tobacco within is protected and preserved from the harmful effects of climatic change, time or varying stock-keeping.

Barneys (*Medium*), **Parsons Pleasure** (*Mild*) and **Punchbowle** (*Full strength*) are each available in the "EVERFRESH" Tin. Home price: 1 oz., 1/2d.

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RATHER than experience those occasional feelings of uneasiness caused by the knowledge that your dependents would suffer hardship, or possibly privation if death took you from them suddenly, isn't it worth while to ascertain just to what extent insurance could help you to "make things safe for them?"

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For example, at age 35 next birthday, you can obtain immediate protection to the extent of £2,500 for the sum of £99 7s. 6d. per annum. (Subject to Income Tax allowance at half the standard rate.) The sum assured which would be increased by the addition of revisionary bonuses, would be payable at the end of 25 years or at earlier death.

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an owner is confronted after, say, 20,000 miles with the heavy job of reboring a cylinder block, fitting oversize pistons, and re-balancing the engine, he usually decides to buy a new car. The Rover people have resisted this temptation manfully.

Full marks must be awarded to another Rover innovation, which also makes for cheap maintenance. On most cars the back of the instrument board is a Hampton Court maze of grossly inaccessible wiring, often jammed in between the dashboard arch and welded steel panelling of the scuttle. On the new Rovers the obverse of the instrument board, whilst protected from dust and oil by a removable cover, is easily accessible from beneath the bonnet. A Bendix-Perrot clutch of the automatic kind is standard on the "Meteor" models, and may be procured on the cheaper chassis for a small extra charge.

On the road the cars will be found entirely satisfactory. The very notable power of the new brakes will attract attention, and this especially applies to the hand brake. So many modern cars carry side brakes which are of little serious use except for parking purposes. The Rover brake will hold the car singly on any main road gradient. Similarly the 10 h.p. chassis feel quite different to their predecessors as the result of the cushioned engine mounting. In America such mountings are known under various grandiose names, but such exaggerations should not blind the student to the fact that with a modern cushion mounting it is almost impossible to distinguish a four-cylinder from a six-cylinder. The coachwork details are all neat, practical and good, without including any sensational points of design. The speed of the cars is characteristic of their type, without being remarkable. The suspension is normal in each case. It is perhaps worth mention that the bodies are mounted on sub-frames, as a measure of insulation from chassis-flexing; and that they are sprayed with asbestos, a process designed to minimise drumming, and to keep the interiors at an even temperature. The tool storage is excellent. If tools are mounted beneath seats, passengers must be routed out in bad weather before roadside adjustments can be attempted. If tools are clipped to the front side of the dash bulkhead, they are soon fouled with oil and road dirt. On the Rover they are stored in a well-shaped box forward of the bulkhead, which is automatically closed by the bonnet, serving as its lid. This is quite the best method of storing tools as they are liable to be stolen if packed under the running boards or in a door pocket.

The Pilot and Meteor models will have many competitors worthy of their steel; but the 10 h.p. range impresses me as remarkable value, and unless some competitor produces startling innovations they should enjoy excellent sales in the coming year. Too many manufacturers condemn their poorer clients to a very small helping of modern technical improvements; but the Rover 10 h.p. is modern in every detail.

R. E. DAVIDSON.

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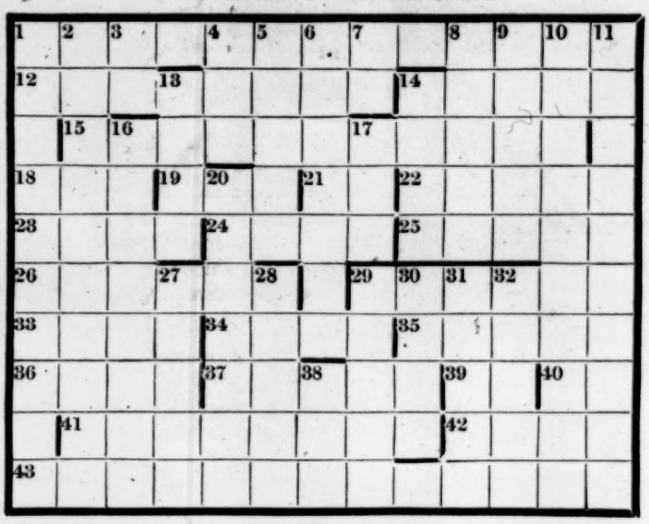
Playtime

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



POLYSYLLABIC

ACROSS

1. Presumed characteristic of much of our education.
12. Not caviare to the general.
14. Here are the jury empanelled.
15. He went away sadly who had these.
18. Will be for ever shortly.
19. As I come back, I shall just see half the girl.
21. Trinculo goes to press here.
22. Gush backwards.
23 *rev.* These trees are almost the earliest.
24 *rev.* Eponymous hero of the riots.
25. Here's good-bye to you.
26. Burnt offering for an artist.
29. Back-answer.
33. The drink has been ill-decanted.
34 *rev.* Widely diffused before A.D.
35. What Dante saw in Purgatory.
36. My "logy" deals with reality.
37. Bigamy isn't — in England.
39. This is very rare.
40. The last of Mark Antony's denarii.
41. Tortoise's overcoat.
42. Lost soul redeemed.
43. The solver who is this may make a mistake or two.

DOWN

1. There are many in church history.
2. Among the greatest of teachers.
3, 4. Fruit of 23 *rev.*
5. Fear I fear.
6 *rev.* Sergeant-Major's paradise.
7. My church is much concerned with 1 *dn.*
8. Lazy fellow collapses.
9. Hence — Trinculo!
10. Earlier form of bridge than contract.
11. Epicure in passion.
13. The slogger puts up his up.
14. A Cardinal apologised for his.
16. Luxury is often so described.
17. The salt of Racine.
20 *rev.* Monday, for example.
27 *rev.* Even highbrows can.
28. Has just turned up from Covent Garden.
29. Neck-cloth in disarray.
30 *rev.* Other, no other.
31. Miss Lorraine permits its rotation.
32 *rev.* A chilly affair.
38 *rev.* This horse was a snake.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. *Sagittarius.* 11, 16 *rev. Libra.* 13. crane. 14. on-i-on ("On, Stanley, on"). 17. ai. 18. *Virgo.* 19. alkali. 21 *rev.* (J)amic. 22. ai. 23. *Pisces.* 25. U.S.A. 26. economical. 31. (H)all. 33. keg *rev.* 35. turbine. 37. *Cancer rev.* 40. *Scorpio.* 41. Ipomoea. 42. onus. 44. tr—. 46. energy. 47. Kenya. 48. S.R. 49. *Capricornus.*

DOWN.—1. S.C. (South Carolina). 2. *Aries.* 3. gavial. 4 *rev. Gemini.* 5. caret *rev.* (crate). 6. toga (goat). 7. anoint. 8 *rev.* pair. 9. (tr)unks. 10. S.A.A. 11. l.r. 12. ibis. 15. olim. 17. *Aquarius.* 20. lean. 24. piec(aninny) *rev.* 27. gecko *rev.* 28. oucoke (cuckoo). 29. ibrun (bruin). 30. *Leo.* 32. leper. 34 *rev.* pros-e. 36. Roneo. 38. conc(ern). 39. nmea (name). 40. say. 43. (Dr) Syn(tax). 44, 45. *Taurus.*

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

2.—DOGS

In our village there are seven residents whose names are Mr. Bloodhound, Mr. Cocker, Mr. Mastiff, Mr. Peke, Mr. Pom, Mr. Pug and Mr. St. Bernard.

They severally, but not respectively, possess a bloodhound, a cocker, a mastiff, a peke, a pom, a pug, and a St. Bernard.

None of them has a dog of a breed of the same name as himself.

Three of the villagers have dogs which are considerably larger than these villagers' canine namesakes.

Only one has a dog of a breed of which the name begins with the initial letter of his own name.

Mr. Mastiff's dog's human namesake is married.

The St. Bernard's owner is Mr. Pom's wife's sister's husband.

The mastiff weighs the same as his owner's fiancée.

Mr. St. Bernard's dog's human namesake is the owner of the peke.

The cocker's owner's canine namesake is owned by the human namesake of Mr. Mastiff's dog.

Of the seven villagers, Mr. Peke and Mr. Pug are the only bachelors.

Which dog belongs to whom?

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o. NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, August 9th.

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There is solid evidence in

The Case is Altered

that he is right." *Spectator.*

"It is not surprising that this should be the Book Society's choice for July." *Yorkshire Ev. News.*

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MAURICE DOBB

in the Day-to-Day Pamphlet No. 10

On Marxism To-Day

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GIFTS will be gratefully received by Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Hon. Treasurer, or by Wm. J. Elliott, Director.

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Chairman: The Viscount Ullswater.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

CONVERSION ETHICS AGAIN—PATRIOTISM AND PROFIT—THE FUTURE OF CABLES AND WIRELESS.

THE ethics of conversion continue to perplex a good many honest people. I cannot pretend to agree altogether with the orthodox view. I am not so simple as to be shocked by the fact that in periods of cheap money the long-term fixed-interest stocks appreciate in market value and bestow upon their holders a greater claim on the available national wealth. In periods of dear money the same stocks depreciate in market value and deprive their holders of their previous capital gains. In a capitalist society which does not maintain a stable purchasing power for its currency one does not expect social justice. But the conversion of War Loan cannot be dismissed airily as the normal case of a short-term high-interest loan being called for repayment in a cheap-money period, so that the holders are just getting what they deserved and expected. Technically this may be the correct view. Nationally I believe it to be all wrong. Let us consider it again. The Government could not have repaid £2,000 millions of War Loan in cash if all the holders had elected to take cash—unless, of course, it was willing to allow the destruction of the currency through stark inflation. This means that the Government has been obliged partly to resort to bluff, partly to appeal to patriotism. Is this seriously denied? If my shrewd critics are well aware of this element of bluff in the conversion scheme, I submit that they are not entitled to use this stale talk about a "normal" short-loan repayment. Believe me, there is nothing normal about £2,000 millions of debt.

* * *

If repayment is a bluff, conversion can only be successful if patriotism compels. Now consider this appeal to patriotism. London is plastered with notices: "Be patriotic. Convert and help your country to better times." It is always a good and satisfying thing to make a sacrifice for the nation. But is it ethical to appeal to one class of *rentier* to make a great sacrifice and not to another? If the country is in danger, why not appeal to everybody? "Remember," we read, "that £3 10s. to-day buys as much as £5 brought only a few years ago." True, but the same argument can be made to the holders of 2½ per cent. Consols, 3 per cent. Local Loans, 3½ per cent. Conversion, and the rest. If it is right to appeal to the holder of 5 per cent. War Loan to take 3½ per cent. because of the fall in prices, it is only fair to make the same demand for a reduction in income of the holders of long-dated Government securities. That is why I suggested in my article of July 9th that a Socialist Government, if it desired a closer approach to social justice, would legislate for a reduction in interest charges on all debt, private as well as national, unless it decided that the simpler—and perhaps fairer—course would be to raise prices by a controlled inflation of the currency. If 5 per cent. War Loan had been £200 millions instead of £2,000 millions, it would have been a "normal" case of a short-loan repayment, and the "normal" appreciation of the long-term stocks, though one of the improper things about an unstable money system, would not have raised awkward questions. But the war was not normal and masses of the holders of War Debt are now the ignorant little *rentiers* who always know how to make a sacrifice, but never how to make a profit, whereas many holders of the long-dated stocks are skilled professional investors who will know how to translate their enhanced paper claims on the national wealth into enhanced *actual* claims. However, the Conversion will eventually succeed because it will be a business proposition to convert. The market will go higher. Next year perhaps I will find it my patriotic duty to tell War Loan holders to cash their profits.

* * *

Mr. J. C. Denison-Pender's speech to the stockholders of Cables and Wireless last week was a masterpiece of board-room oratory. He was eloquent on the good points; he was silent on the bad; he was really moving on the self-sacrifices of the staff who, in spite of five-year agreements, had voluntarily taken cuts down to "the smart messenger boys" giving up 10d. a week. As the cuts have not been used to pay dividends on watered capital (only 2¾ per cent. having been paid on the 5½ per cent. preference stock) no Bolshevik can really object to the sacrifices. Having quoted figures to show that the message receipts of the group had only declined 9 per cent. in 1931, while those of the big American companies had fallen 16.7 per cent. (Western Union), 19.4 per cent. (Commercial Cable), and 29.3 per cent. (All America Cables), Mr. Denison-Pender drew patriotic applause for the boast that Cables and Wireless was the most efficient telegraph administration in the world. This was, no doubt, a just reply to the taunts which had been uttered by some of their American competitors in the days of the American boom. But the stockholders of Cables and Wireless, while very appreciative of the fact that the American companies are suffering worse than their own, are anxious to know whether their company will be able to earn a fair return on its inflated capital even in good times and, if not, whether the preference stockholders will have to submit to the sacrifice of a writing-down as well as the 7½ per cent. A and B ordinary stockholders. The 1931 report of the operating subsidiary, Imperial and International Communications, showed that only 0.4 per cent. was earned on its capital of £30,000,000. The total income of this subsidiary was £4,979,023 and its working expenses £4,858,488. The voluntary sacrifices of the staff will save £200,000 per annum, of which nine months will be realised this year. In other words, this Company will earn, other things being equal, one per cent. instead of 0.4 per cent. It is obvious that even a 20 per cent. increase in message receipts, in addition to the maximum of administrative economies, could not give the operating subsidiary an adequate return on its £30,000,000 of capital. If this means that it will be a long time before Cables and Wireless will earn the full 5½ per cent. dividend on its £23.2 millions preference capital, and that no return is ever to be expected on the £20.7 millions 7½ per cent. A and £8.7 millions B ordinary capital, is it not probable that in a reconstruction scheme the preference stockholders will be asked to make a sacrifice in company with the junior stockholders?

* * *

The real salvation for Cables and Wireless would be some form of Government help—either by way of subsidy or monopoly. On this point Mr. Denison-Pender was very guarded. The report of the Investigation Committee (Chairman, Mr. Wilfrid Greene, K.C.) which was appointed by the official Advisory Committee is not yet to be made public, but this Committee has put forward some vital recommendations on the subject of rates, the maintenance of strategic cables, the rationalisation of external services, both telegraphic and telephonic, and the transfer to the Post Office of the whole business of collection and delivery of messages. Where, for example, a cable service to South Africa is maintained for strategic reasons when the wireless services, being north and south, are 100 per cent. efficient the company has a strong case for a subsidy, but it is becoming increasingly evident that an Empire cables and wireless system cannot work on a commercial basis, having regard to its strategic obligations, without a thorough-going monopoly, and a substantial Government subsidy, and that the State will have to assume control rather than bestow such powers upon a private corporation. The Cables and Wireless 5½ per cent. preference stock has been as low as 32 this year and has recently been over 60. It reacted on the meeting to 57 (cum. 2¾ per cent. dividend).

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THOSE SEVEN THOUSAND.

Extracts from the "Times'" Third Leader last Saturday under the above heading.

"They cannot now number 7,000, as they did when the Chairman of the London County Council pleaded for them in these columns a fortnight ago, because since then Mr. A. A. Milne also has pleaded for them; and if Mr. Milne's letter has not wheedled a large number of our readers into increasing their overdrafts by one or more sums of fifteen shillings,* then is the deaf adder, by comparison, an enthusiastic listener to the voice of the charmer. . . . Year by year the effort, at least to provide camps and country holidays, has grown greater. And still it is only a few that are fortunate; and countless wistful thousands must be left behind.

"Within the last few days a new form of noise and bustle has been observable in parts of London which as a rule are moderately quiet and lightly populated; but it is a form which only a very curmudgeon could resent. The schools have shut, and the London children are all over the place all day—in the Parks, where there is grass or water; on the Embankment, where there is river traffic to watch and Sphinxes to climb; at the Horse Guards and anywhere else where there are soldiers; in the thoroughfares (alas!), where there are omnibuses to chase and refuges to dash for; not to mention their special haunts, like the Foundling and the other play centres. . . . They do not look as if they were pining away; and it is possible that some who see them may wonder whether they do not get on very well without that fortnight among the woods or winkles. But that is a doubt which soon gives way before other thoughts. These hardy adventurers into the West End have left behind them in their dull, stuffy streets many hundreds of others more feeble or listless than themselves. The good done by a fortnight in the country is not physical only, nor even first, but mental. It is for the change of surroundings, the enlargement of experience and of outlook, most of all, perhaps, for acquaintance with quiet, with wide spaces and with freedom from haste and fuss, that the London child needs sending out of London."

* Mr. Milne's calculations were not quite accurate. It costs the CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND a pound per child for a Fortnightly Holiday, as we have stated in these columns on other occasions.

We are glad to be able to say that a fine response has come to our recent appeals, and therefore many of the 7,000 children for whose holiday we needed funds will now be able to go. But we have still a considerable way to go to reach the £7,000 which we needed. Will you send us at least One Pound for one child, please?

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